

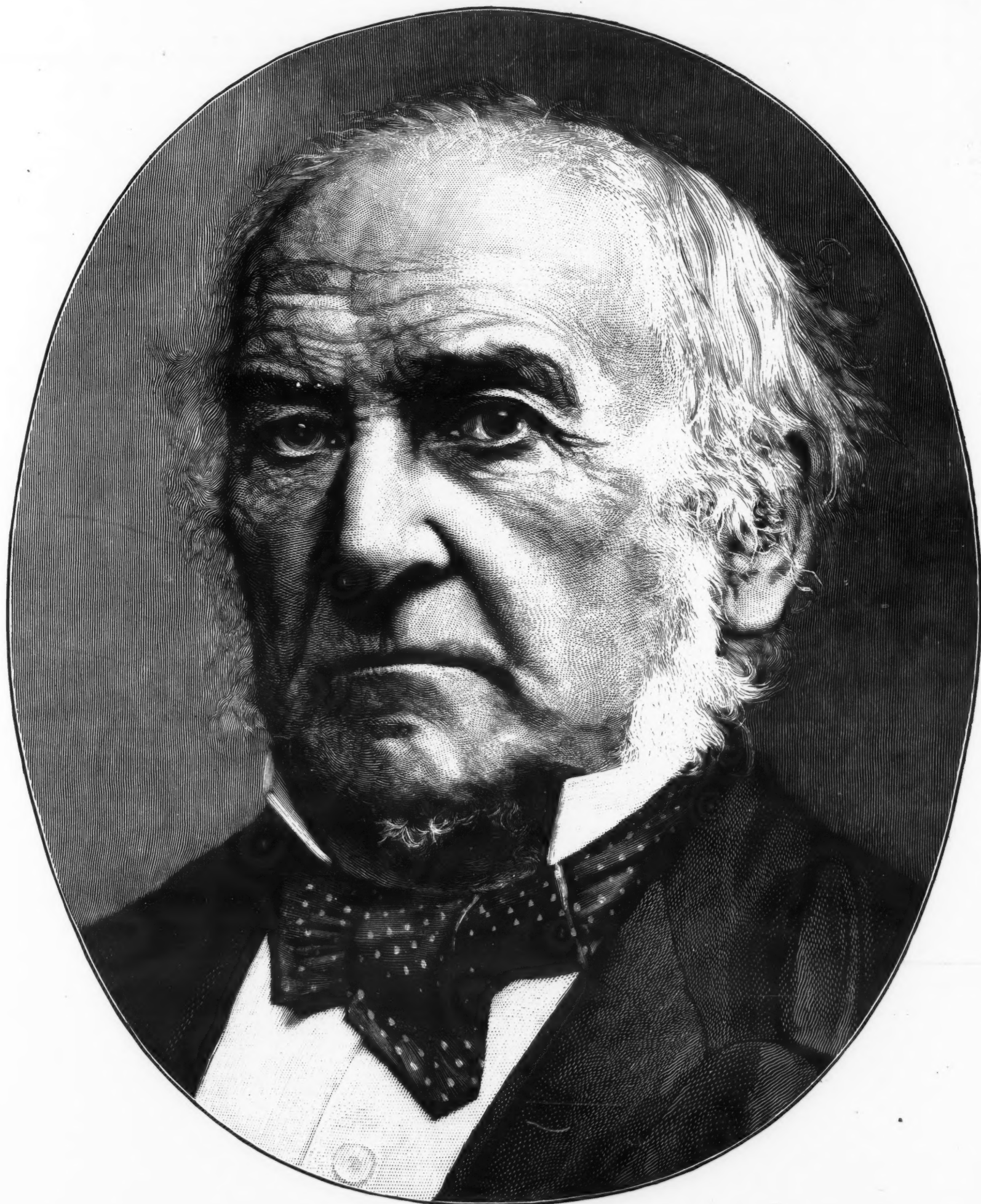
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXIV.—No. 2168.
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NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1897.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



THE GRAND OLD MAN AT EIGHTY-EIGHT.

MR. GLADSTONE HAS EMERGED FOR THE MOMENT FROM RETIREMENT, AND IN A RINGING APPEAL FOR THE CRETANS AND THE GREEKS, AGAINST THE TURKISH ASSASSINS AND 'THE CONCERT OF THE POWERS,' HAS AWAKENED THE CONSCIENCE OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE AND AROUSED THE ACTIVE SYMPATHY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

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ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

APRIL 1, 1897.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.	
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

The European Crisis.



IN his eighty-eighth year, and several years after his formal retirement from public life, Mr. Gladstone has once again proved that he is a Grand Old Man, the grandest and the bravest man in Europe to-day. When the six great Powers of Europe were steeping themselves hour by hour always deeper in dishonor, this veteran statesman could not remain silent. He has raised up his powerful voice with old-time eloquence and with the vigor of unimpaired manhood; to it the Christian people of Europe, and specially of England, cannot fail to listen.

He has not hesitated to say that England was paltering with the Cretan question, as she had paltered with that of blood-stained Armenia, all for the sake of preserving the integrity of the Ottoman empire for the uses of a crowned assassin, and at the behest of "two young men, each bearing the high title of emperor, but in one case wholly without knowledge or experience; in the other, having only such knowledge and experience—in truth limited enough—as have excited much astonishment and some consternation when an inkling of them has been given to the world."

These are brave words, and true as applied to the callow Russian czar and the blustering German kaiser. But what of England? The English people, we believe, may be depended upon to hearken to these impassioned words of patriotism, and to compel the government to insist upon humane and manly action, with or without the concert of Europe.

The six Powers acting in concert have already blockaded Crete and have sunk a Greek ship. Before this paper appears, it is not unlikely that little Greece, "a David facing six Goliaths," will have declared war on Turkey, and that fighting will have begun on the Thessalian frontier. When that happens, if happen it should, we do not believe that the people of England, France, and Italy will permit their governments to see Greece suffer.

Hitherto the money-lenders in England and France have dictated a policy of dishonorable peace for fear that Turkish bonds would become worthless and other investments suffer. Wealth is desirable and peace most precious, but neither is worth having at the expense of honor. This is the price the English and French have been paying of late; now that Mr. Gladstone has pointed this out in such glowing words, the good people will see to it that the Armenian butcheries are avenged and that the bravery of Greece is approved.

This may be Mr. Gladstone's last public utterance. If he succeeds in awakening the conscience of Christian Europe it may also be his greatest service to England and to humanity.

Old but Ever New.

IN one of the many good letters of James Russell Lowell, which have recently been made public, he breaks out as follows: "Good heavens, of what uncostly material is all our earthly happiness composed—if we only knew it! What incomes have we not had from a flower, and how unfulfilling are the dividends of the seasons!" Longfellow said: "If spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in the hearts to behold the miraculous change!"

It is well sometimes to go back to such thoughts as these and look at spring as something not altogether devoted to bock beer and sarsaparilla and liver-pills; to look beyond the unlovely advertisements that run riot over billboards and unoffending rocks, and to see the green in the grass and the shades of color that glorify the hills. It is the constant criticism of visitors that Americans have a strained appearance, as if they were either dissatisfied or dyspeptic, and that they have yet to cultivate that calm of mind and soul which is the first essential to real enjoyment. Even ex-Queen Liliuokalani finds fault with American women because they look so tired out, and points to her own cheerful *embonpoint* as a satisfactory result of an easy life; a condition which would hardly be approved by those who run the society of Washington.

Spring ought to be a season of revival in people as well as in nature, and there is no doubt that it was so intended; and the youth who writes odes to the buttercups and the daffodils and the daisies is a better man than the cross-patch who damns spring for its tired feeling and multiplies drug-stores in his neighborhood. There are enough spring medicines to float our navy, but the best medicine is the open field or the park, and the fresh air. If your mind gets crooked and your soul grows sluggish and your legs want

to walk off from your body and go to sleep in a dark corner, don't give way to gloom, but pull yourself together and get out in the sunshine and see the buds and the blooms, and when you are returning, much better for it all, thank God for such a world and such a season.

The Re-election of Mr. Reed.

EVER since the November election it has been a foregone conclusion that Mr. Reed would be selected to preside over the House of Representatives then chosen. Mr. Reed has long been the Republican leader in the House, but his pre-eminence in that body was never so marked as now.



MR. THOMAS B. REED.

There have been times when the asperity of his speech hurt friend and foe alike; but age has cooled his tongue, and now he is a strong man restrained by the teachings of philosophy, held in check by the lessons of experience. There is one admirable thing about Mr. Reed's selection as speaker. Mr. Reed can control the House as no other speaker has been able to do in recent years. And the House needs at this time to be controlled, so that whatever action in regard to the tariff is to be taken may be taken without unnecessary delay. The change in duties is not so much a hindrance to business as the uncertainty as to what the change will be. We need a larger revenue, and then we need to be let alone so that business may adjust itself. So the duty of Congress at this time seems to be to provide that revenue as quickly as possible. Mr. Reed is the man, above all others, who can lead the House in the way it should go; he is the one man who will not be interfered with by the obstructive tactics of the minority. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the minority, knowing Mr. Reed, will attempt to interfere with the quick passage of a revenue bill. We are told that enough Senators can be depended upon to pass a moderate tariff bill through the upper chamber, and we hope that this is so. We confess, however, that our confidence in the majority of the Senate acting with either wisdom or patriotism is not as strong as we wish it was. But Mr. Reed can be depended upon to do his full duty.

Business Improvement.

THE New York Clearing House decided, a day or two before the Presidential election, to issue its certificates of indebtedness, at the beginning of banking hours of the morning after election, in case McKinley were defeated. Thus the clearing house proposed to stay the financial panic which seemed sure to come if Bryan were elected.

There were, however, no hints of panic on the eve of the inauguration. The promise was all of happier things, and this was precisely the condition expected by those who knew that recovery from the financial and industrial diseases and misery of the past could not come with one quick, pulsating stroke, on the instant of McKinley's election. Men of much experience in business and the able financiers knew that the election of McKinley would produce only one immediate result. It would stay distrust. It would open the path for returning confidence. It would be the turn of the tide.

All through the winter the soundness of this view has been made manifest. Little by little the country gained. Confidence was each day stronger than the day before. Money came from its hiding-place, although it lay idle, seeking employment. Other impulses were needed to bring it into use. Many persons mistakenly believed that this impulse would be created by McKinley, either by his authority over Congress or in some vague administrative way. But, powerful as a President is, he can only execute laws. He can urge Congress to pass a revenue law, but he cannot command that this be done. His moral influence is sure to be great, but it is not absolute. McKinley's election could, therefore, only tend to increase confidence, and inspire the belief that Congress would so legislate as to make it possible to pay the government's bills without borrowing money.

This aided the healthful tendencies of the winter, but it did not make them, nor wholly explain them. Other forces were moving slowly but surely, in response to those natural laws which are irresistible, and which Congress or a President cannot change, or ignore except at peril.

As powerfully, but almost as secretly, at least as unobserved, as those mighty forces of nature which wake the earth from its winter's sleep, these forces were at work during the winter, until at last, just as McKinley begins his administration, there come visible evidences of their power. They give sure hints of what awaits us, just as the swelling buds tell of the harvest which is their fruition.

The great combination of steel-rail makers yielded to this force, sought with tempting prices the custom of the railway managers, and in a week millions of dollars in orders had been placed.

A great railway on the eve of McKinley's inauguration

refunds its fifty millions of bonded debt at the lowest rate ever reported in this country, and instantly money is tempted to the purchase of railway securities.

The new Tariff bill is reported, and the banks are besieged with applications for loans, so that vast importations of goods which have been hidden in the bonded warehouses may be taken out and put upon the market, that there may be a free field when that Tariff bill becomes a law. Railway freights increase slightly but steadily. Merchants observe new demands, and other hints of the sure, steady, but still slow, pressure of these healthful forces are convincing proof, not that we are on the road to recovery, but that recovery is in progress, and that its full development will by and by be realized by all, as the supremacy of the summer is at last revealed after the patient watches of the spring.

"His Excellency."

WHEN Mr. Henry White, who has just been appointed first secretary of the embassy in London, returns to England he will feel much more that he is going home than he felt four years ago, when he came back to America. Mr. White served a long while at the American Legation in London, and he doubtless made himself exceedingly useful to the various ministers to whom he was assistant. But Mr. White never succeeded in being even half-way popular with more than about one-half of one per cent. of the Americans he came in contact with. He was more English than the English, and "kowitzed" to the nobility in a fashion which seemed to his observant countrymen as absolutely servile. That was all right in Mr. Henry White the man, if it pleased him, but in the secretary of the American Legation it seemed to many as rather humiliating. This was, however, a minor matter which concerned Mr. Henry White more than any one else, and which did not, in all probability, seriously interfere with his usefulness. But Mr. White had another little habit which hurt his countrymen who had correspondence with the legation to the quick. When he wrote of the minister he always spoke of him as His Excellency. "Excellencies," as all travelers know, are dirt cheap in Europe, for every liberal man is so called by all the servants and peasants in Italy and the other Latin countries. A larger gratuity than usual will suffice to promote "His Excellency" into "Milord." But "His Excellency" comes high in this country, and only one American at a time, of all our seventy odd millions, is entitled to be so called. That person is the Governor of Massachusetts. He is so by a constitutional provision of the Commonwealth. Not even the President of the United States is entitled to be so addressed, though we believe Mr. Charles A. Dana used this form when applying to Andrew Johnson for an office. This matter was settled more than a century ago in the convention which framed our Constitution. It ought to have remained settled for all of us, including Mr. Henry White. The new ambassador, Colonel Hay, is, however, so genuine in his Americanism and so sound in his knowledge of American history that it is not likely that he will permit any objectionable practices at the embassy during his term of office.

The Ambassador to France.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER, of New York, has been nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate as ambassador to France. This was a good selection, even though General Porter has not had previous experience in the diplomatic service.



GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

His education and training, however, will fit him admirably for his new duties, and his skill in the use of the French language will enable him to perform the important social functions of his office with an effective grace sure to be appreciated in that capital where polish and finish are more esteemed than anywhere else in the world. The people are so well acquainted with General Porter in his various capacities—soldier, orator, *littérateur*, railway manager, and master of ceremonies—that any biographical sketch of him at this time is unnecessary. He is now telling in most interesting fashion, in the *Century Magazine*, in a series of papers, "Campaigning with Grant," the story of the most thrilling part of his life, and he is doing this with the wit of the accomplished *raconteur* and the self-restraint of the experienced writer. In France the American ambassador is not called upon to make post-prandial speeches nearly so often as his colleague in England; considering who goes to represent us, this is rather a pity, for General Porter has very pretty gifts in this line, and can be amusing, eloquent, poetical, and pathetic, each at the proper time and all on the same occasion. But when General Porter happens to be called upon to speak, after reaching his new post, it is gratifying to know that he

will be able to do it in pure Parisian—for that the French will love him, for that his countrymen will be thankful. It would have been difficult for the President to have made a wiser choice.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—Some months ago the adjutant-general of the army asked the civil-service commissioners to send a translator for the office of military intelligence. Miss Maud Stalnaker was recommended as the fittest person for the place, as she was an expert in all the modern European languages. But the military gentlemen of the War Department were horrified. A petticoat in the army? Nay, nay! So Miss Stalnaker had, for the moment, to rest on her laurels as being the most accomplished linguist in Washington. But she did not have to wait long. A little while later the statistical bureau of the State Department needed a clerk with a knowledge of the languages. Miss Stalnaker was again recommended. This time she was received with more hospitality, for Mr. Olney

MISS MAUD STALNAKER.

made no objections whatever. Does this prove that diplomacy cultivates a more generous gallantry than war? We should not be in the least surprised, and we are not in favor of woman-suffrage either. The adjutant-general of the army, by the way, is a man wondrously gentle of speech, graceful of manner, and handsome withal. It has been suggested in Washington that in society hereafter he may be looked upon as only a lady's man by brevet instead of the real thing, with a genuine right to the rank and all its privileges. But Miss Maud Stalnaker is all right, and has a better place than she would have had under the adjutant-general.

—The new Secretary of Agriculture is a widower, and the social duties of his household will largely devolve upon his



MISS FLORA WILSON.

daughter, Miss Flora Wilson. She was graduated from the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, of which her father was president, and for some years past she has herself been librarian of that institution. Miss Wilson is an accomplished musician, and sings quite charmingly. She has a high soprano voice, and is famous in Iowa for her skill as a vocalist. The papers of her State speak with much enthusiasm of her various charms of culture, manner, and person, but they dwell with a kind of affectionate lingering on the devotion she has always displayed towards her distinguished father.

—The newest of the English millionaires is Mr. Ernest T. Hooley, who, in the promotion of companies, has made so much money that he does not know what to do with it. His latest project is to commemorate the sixtieth year of the queen's reign by making a gift to the poor of four hundred thousand pounds, which at present produces fifteen thousand pounds a year. The money is to be distributed in fifteen districts round his house in Derbyshire, one thousand pounds being assigned every year to each district, to be distributed among the old, the weak, and the widows, by

MR. E. T. HOOLEY.

committees formed on the charity-organization principle. They are not, however, to give any money, but orders on tradesmen for groceries, medical comforts, and the like good things which the poor people are unable to buy. This is all very well, but won't the people in Derbyshire get awfully tired of it; for will not all the incapables, the afflicted, and the old women swarm to that part of England and insist on a share in the fund? Charity is a beautiful thing, but a hard thing to be wise in. Mr. Hooley, however, could not have selected a less wise method.

—Mr. Frederic C. Penfield, who has been consul-general and diplomatic agent in Cairo for the last four years, will be returning home shortly, and he may be sure of a warm welcome from his friends and countrymen generally, for he has borne himself like a true American, and in a social way, during all his residence in Egypt, has been very much at the service of all good Americans sojourning there. Cairo of late has grown much in favor as a winter resort, and the entertainments at the khedive's palace have been much overcrowded by reason

MR. FREDERIC C. PENFIELD.

of unrestricted hospitality. This season it was decided to be more select, and a rule was framed by the grand master of ceremonies that none but diplomats, officials of the Egyptian government, foreign princes, dukes, marquises, counts, senators, and deputies should be invited. This left out all the tourists, and excluded, seemingly, all Americans. Mr. Penfield was equal to the emergency. To the master of ceremonies he sent a polite note saying that, while there were no titles of nobility in his country, all of his people were sovereigns in their own right. He therefore suggested that the rule should not apply to Americans. There was a conference at the palace, and in consequence all the Americans were invited for whom Mr. Penfield asked cards. This was a little thing, no doubt, but little things show the manner of a man as well as great.

—The little personal mention of Judge Roy Bean, of Langtry, Texas, provoked a kind subscriber to send us this: "The picture, in your publication of March 11th, of Judge Roy Bean is all right, except the collar and cravat. He was once trying a Mexican for stealing a horse, and his charge to the jury was one of the shortest on record: 'Gentlemen of the jury, that's a greaser in the box and a hoss missing; you know your duty!' And they did."

—Mrs. Sarah Frances Dick, cashier and director of the First National Bank of Huntington, Indiana, is a shining example of the nineteenth century American woman in the business world. For twenty-five successive years Mrs. Dick has held her position, and during all that time has missed but two days from her duties. She is quick and accurate in her accounts, having one day, recently, handled fifty-four thousand dollars in small amounts, involving six hundred transactions in three hundred and sixty minutes—an average of thirty-five seconds to each transaction. Her husband is a prominent business man of Huntington. Personally, Mrs. Dick is tall and distinguished-looking, and she has the reputation, socially, of being a delightful hostess in her own luxurious home. Mrs. McKinley, the present mistress of the White House, occupied a position similar to Mrs. Dick's before she married the major.

MRS. SARAH FRANCES DICK.

—What surprised the Londoners as much as anything else in Nansen was the correct English he spoke. The explorer made a great hit at the Savage Club dinner. He spoke rapidly and with self-possession, and his humor elicited roars of responsive laughter. It is noticeable, too, in the newspaper reports of his lecture that "laughter" appears in brackets at the end of every other sentence. The canny Norwegian has become very popular in England, not least because of his personality, for he is tall, straight, and blonde, and his face is good to look upon, while there is a winning geniality of manner about him. It will not be long before he appears on this side of the water to gather his second, and main, harvest of dollars.

—Mr. Henry Russell Wray is one of the most graceful and imaginative of our writers. We should have known this from Mr. Wray's contributions to the magazines and weeklies, even had he not issued one of the most charming little books of recent times, "Fancies Framed in Florentine." This little book will go far towards fixing Mr. Wray's place in literature; it surely gives him a good rank among the men of the day who aspire to do more than merely record in journalistic fashion the passing happenings of a mad world. But Mr. Wray is nevertheless a journalist, as he edits the Colorado Springs Gazette, one of the best papers in the country, and, what is more

to the purpose, a paper that has resisted every temptation to become of the new and obnoxious school. Mr. Wray is, we believe, a Philadelphian by birth; we know that he is a University of Pennsylvania man of the class of '88. He went West and to the high altitude where he now lives on account of his health, which it is to be hoped will continue strong and good, for the world has need of such men as he.

—The naval evolutions off Charleston were almost as fruitful of honors to the Gherardis, father and son, as a sea-fight might have been. Rear-Admiral Gherardi was welcomed to the city with editorial laudation such as is rarely bestowed by a Southern newspaper on a Federal officer, and the son, the naval cadet, found the laurels of his bravery in the *Maine's* life boat during the storm growing greener every day of the squadron's stay. It is likely that young Gherardi's plucky act and the even pluckier conduct of Creelman will live in mess-room and fore-castle even after they have been forgotten by landsmen. They

MR. HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

were fine examples of fearless heroism. The younger Gherardi is as big and stalwart as he is brave, and very popular with his associates.

—Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, is the leader of the Democrats in the present House of Representatives, having received the caucus nomination for speaker, over Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee. Mr. Bailey is a young man, being in his thirty-fourth year, and this is his third term. He is a native of Mississippi, and went to Texas soon after he reached his majority. In the last Congress he served on the judiciary committee and also on that on the revision of the laws. The Republican majority is so great in the House that it is not possible for Mr. Bailey to "cut much ice," except by dilatory practices, which the speaker could very easily put an end to. That Mr. Bailey

is popular with his party associates goes without saying, for otherwise he would have had no chance to wrest from Mr. McMillan, his senior in years and service, the empty honor of leading an impotent minority.

—John Russell Young can take no offense when we say that he is a veteran journalist. We mean that he is old in the service, though we say nothing of his age as a man. Mr. Young, however long he has wielded the pen, has vitality enough left to make the copy of the "new journalists" seem most cheap, tawdry, and insufficient when compared with his. During the last political campaign Mr. Young's articles in the *Herald* were good to read. They went to the heart of things. We felt that there was a man of thought, of cultivation, and a gentleman, behind the words he wrote. A man who could say



MR. JOSEPH W. BAILEY.

what he said, in the way he said it, never needed to listen at key-holes or play the sneak. Twenty years ago there were several such men as Mr. Young in the service of the New York newspapers. Now he is the sole survivor of a better day. The singular thing about this change is that the taste of the people has not changed; they like Mr. Young, and his kind as well as ever. The only change has been in the managers of the newspapers; they seem to have become mere hucksters and money-getters, with no thought of principle, no consideration for taste. We have no idea that Mr. Young will assent to what we have said, for he is a man as modest as he is wise—but what has been said is true, nevertheless. Mr. Young was formerly minister to China, and it has been suggested that his appointment now would be wise and judicious.

—The accomplished wife of Postmaster-General Gary is a highly-regarded acquisition to the "Cabinet circle" of Washington society. She comes from Baltimore, where her fame as hostess, like that of her daughters for beauty and social talent, has helped to justify the Monumental City's traditional renown. Mrs. Gary is a gentlewoman of what is distinguished as the "old-school" manner—cordial, yet reserved, at once the companion and the model of the younger set to which her daughters belong. These daughters are: Mrs. Harold Randolph, formerly Miss Emma



MR. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

Gary; Mrs. Henry Jones, formerly Miss Minnie Gary; Mrs. Eugene Levering, Jr., formerly Miss Adelaide Gary; Miss Ida Gary, whose engagement to Francis Pegram has been announced; Miss Lilly Gary, Miss Jessie Gary, and Miss Madeleine Gary. They are distinctively a musical family. Mrs. Gary and her daughters are Presbyterians, with which religious faith the new Postmaster-General is prominently identified, being an elder in the Brown Memorial Church of Baltimore. It is not expected that the Garys will spend much time in Washington this spring, it being their invariable custom, for years past, to go early in April to their country seat near Catonsville, where they spend the summer.

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At the Theatres.



MISS FRANCES DRAKE.

MISS FRANCES DRAKE, a pretty and graceful comedienne, recently appeared at Keith's, in Boston, in her dainty French monologue, "Le Petit Abbé," and achieved considerable success with it. She is seen on this page as she appears both on and off of the stage.—Sarah Bernhardt, as is well known, has one of the most artistic studios in Paris, in which she models clay, paints, and writes. The accompanying picture of her was taken in her studio on her recent return to Paris after her American tour. But whether she has been with us recently or remotely, she always, in whatever capacity, excites our interest, for true art is ever young, ever beautiful.—One of the best character actors that we have on the stage is the Englishman, J. E. Dodson, of the Empire Theatre stock company. His make-up as *Cardinal Richelieu*, in "Under the Red Robe," is a remarkable bit of work.—"At Piney Ridge," an open-air melodrama, is meeting with favor at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and reproduced here is one of its stirring scenes. Burr McIntosh, a capable, if somewhat obstreperous, actor, is effective in one of the leading parts.—Miss Anna Stannard, a promising young actress, who, in the rôles of Shakespeare, would be likely to make a great name if managers would only produce Shakespeare and give this beautiful woman a chance, and Miss Madge Lessing, who has met with much success in the title rôle of "Jack and the Beanstalk," are also great favorites with theatre-goers.



SARAH BERNHARDT AT HOME.

MISS FRANCES DRAKE IN HER MONOLOGUE, "THE LITTLE ABBÉ."
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ANNA STANNARD.

J. E. DODSON, OF THE EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY, AS "CARDINAL RICHELIEU," IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE."
Photograph by Pach.A SCENE FROM "AT PINEY RIDGE."
Photograph by Pach.BURR MCINTOSH IN "AT PINEY RIDGE."
Photograph by Pach.

THE THEATRES.

THE WOMAN AND THE GIRL—A PHOTOGRAPH.

By GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

PART I.

THERE was a knock at the studio door. The occupant had scarcely time to turn and say "Come in" before it was thrown open and a visitor advanced.

"I thought I would find you in," she commenced, in a strident voice, which grated and rasped like a slate-pencil in process of pointing. "It's a good time to find people in. We've got to eat, and so I say, if you really want to see any one, why just drop in near eatin' time."

The girl she addressed shuddered as though energized by a sudden chill; then approached a few steps so that she could see her unwelcome visitor more clearly.

The last rays of daylight, with the unnatural strength of the dying, left no weakness unrevealed, as they surveyed each other for a moment, silently.

If, instead of the colorless landscapes, expressionless faces,

She had thrown herself on one of the three chairs the studio contained, and at last stopped for want of breath.

The girl looked at her helplessly. She had not spoken as yet, and seemed incapable of speech. She felt somehow as if the visit was an intrusion; as if she should excuse herself on a timid plea of an errand, and so be freed from this woman whose whole personality spoke eloquently of the "forbidden"; but she had been by herself now for two days; there was an air of friendliness about the visitor, and she was very lonely, so she seated herself and waited for more.

"You need not look frightened. I sha'n't take any of your men away. I've had my lesson, and, after all, a man's good enough to take you around; but give me a woman for friendship, every time. I've got no real use for men; they've never made me lose a wink of sleep or a good meal yet. I guess I'm not susceptible, but they think I am; that's part of my game. Do you know many men?"

The girl shook her head. She felt impelled to answer. "Only a few artists at the school." She hesitated a moment, then spoke almost against her will—"and Jim."

"Oh, Jim!" The woman reflected. "Jim, I suppose, is your truly-truly. You're not going to marry him?"

The girl nodded. "Well, you're foolish; that's what I say. Any girl that gets married is a fool. Perhaps he's got money, though; has he?"

The girl shook her head. "Oh, well, maybe you'll think better of it. It ain't happened yet, and engagements, you know, are made to break. Why, I've been engaged five times and had several understandings, and I ain't married yet."

She glanced at the little nickel alarm-clock ticking loudly on the shelf.

"Gracious! I must hurry. I promised to meet my young man at the 'L' station at Eighth Street, down-town. It's so convenient to meet there, and it saves a man so much trouble. You know you must always save a man trouble. He'll like you so much better."

She rose as she spoke, and before the girl could answer had opened the door and was in the corridor. She put her head back and said:

"I'll see you again soon. Good-bye."

Should she tell Jim? As she got her frugal dinner in the chafing-dish, which had been Jim's Christmas present, the girl asked herself the question. There were so many

things she had learned not to tell Jim. All the little annoyances, the daily worries which made up that empty life whose foundation was work, were carefully locked in her silent breast. At first she had poured out her whole soul at his feet; that is what love had meant to her, but she saw that the recital wearied, bored him, even drove him away. "When a man goes to see his sweetheart," Jim said to her once, "he likes to be entertained and soothed, not harassed. He has troubles of his own all day." So, except for the few hours two or three times a week that they spent in each other's society, their lives were as distinct as parallels.

She thought of the pros and cons of the question as she prepared her dinner, cleared it away, rearranged the studio and herself. She finally decided that she must tell him, for the situation overpowered her. She felt unequal to coping with it alone, and Jim was the only one who could advise.

She tried to make the recital dramatic as the scene had been, but failed hopelessly. Acting was not her forte, and the points a clever *raconteur* would have made lacked spirit. Before she reached the end Jim became impatient and stopped her.

"Oh, I know the kind of woman she is; there are plenty such—not your style, but she can't hurt you. If she tries to get too familiar, just snub her, that's all; and for heaven's sake, whatever you do, don't have her around when I come!"

"Snub her?" and a vision of her irrepressible visitor returned to the girl. "How can I snub her, Jim?"

"Well, you ought to know. Every woman ought to know how to snub people; that is part of her education." Then Jim told her a story of how the senior partner's daughter had snubbed one of the clerks one day, much to his (Jim's) delight and the clerk's dismay, and how she had afterward permitted him (Jim) to escort her to her carriage. The girl listened and felt duly overawed, concluding not to tell him what she had started to say, with just a touch of humor very foreign to her nature, that she never had a chance to snub people because they usually snubbed her first.

She did not intend to return the woman's calls. She would

make no advances, so she determined; but a few nights after she heard voices and gay laughter, and, impelled by a natural curiosity, she opened her door. The woman was just saying good-bye to a party who had been enjoying her hospitality. It was an unusual occurrence in the gloomy corridor, for most of the tenants were like herself—quiet, strangers to each other, not given to entertaining or being entertained. An overmastering longing took possession of her to go in and see the woman. She felt dull, spiritless, on edge. Everything had gone wrong that day—her pupils stupid, the picture returned from the dealer unsold, and last but not the least of her troubles, the yellow envelope which greeted her on her return from her class, with Jim's laconic and disappointing dispatch, "Detained by business. Cannot come." She realized that the woman would cheer her, and that out of her abundant vitality some spark might revivify her own lifelessness.

What excuse could she make for appearing at this late hour? She had not decided when she knocked, but the woman helped her. She was apparently accustomed to receiving visitors at any time, and was not discomposed.

The girl looked at her wonderingly. She had taken off her gown, thrown it in a heap on the bed, with her shoes resting on top. She was all in black—long black stockings, short fluffy skirts, and a corsage which suggested the opera or a *bal français* in its décolleténess. Her auburn hair, which the soft light of the shaded lamps naturalized, was caught up loosely, and a rose-bud stuck artistically in it. The light was kind also to her face; it softened the deep lines and allowed the regularity of her features to be seen. She was an embodiment of grace and life. She looked as though she might have stepped from the pages of *Figaro*, and the girl, in spite of her failures, was artist enough to appreciate the scene, and stood spell-bound.

The woman accepted the unspoken admiration complacently.

"Oh, I ought to have gone on the stage, so they all say," and she nodded in the direction of her departed guests. "This is my 'Nadgy' costume. Ever seen the opera? It's old, but a sweet thing, I think. I've learned a little dance, and in this costume it's quite fetching."

She executed a few steps, and the girl approved with a slow nod of approbation.

The quiet appreciation of the solitary spectator seemed to fire the woman, and she began to kick vigorously at various articles, ending by holding the rose, which she took from her hair, over her shoulder, and kicking backward until she succeeded in dislodging a few of its snowy petals.

The sight of these fallen leaves recalled a vagrant fancy to the woman. Suddenly her mood changed, and, assuming the trained pose of the elocutionist, she began to recite.

The girl's excited imagination saw it all—the garden, the beautiful rose, and the lady whose capricious taste was pleased; the rose's pride, its short life of happiness; then its decay, and the dreary time when its mistress, tired of the poor, dead thing, flings it with a careless toss back into the garden among the living flowers, from which she had taken it but a few short hours ago.

With a gesture of infinite grace the woman stretched out her bare arms as she finished, and the petals fell from her parted



"THEY FORMED A STRIKING CONTRAST."

and marines where water and rock met in a mass of indistinguishable tints, the young artist could have caught the scene and given it expression with her brush, she would no longer remain on the very outskirts of the vast army of painters who struggle and starve, wait for a coming opportunity, dream of European summers, and believe in the favoritism of committees.

They formed a striking contrast, to which the studio, with its shabby furnishings, gave the quiet tone of a non-distracting background.

The woman and the girl. The woman, with her artificially-reddened hair, her cheeks rouged, her eyebrows penciled, her "loud" dress where fashion was hideously caricatured and color put to shame, her aggressive manner and air of knowing life, was a type common enough, common as the girl she faced; a girl whose whole appearance spoke of anemia, both physical and mental—the anemia of thwarted ambitions, insufficient food, bad air, and mistaken duties. A girl whose face and manner alike were colorless, whose hands were daubed, whose apron looked like an uncleaned palette, and whose collar was awry.

They stood mentally photographing each other for a few seconds; then the woman spoke.

"You don't know me? Well, I reckon, little one, you need to keep your eyes open a little. Why, I've got room eighty-nine, two doors down on the left, just 'round the corner. I've been there a week, but this is the first chance I've had to be neighborly. I've been fixin' up, and it looks real smart. I'd take you in now, but I can't stop a minute. I've an engagement to dine at 'Martin's.' It's a sight cheaper livin' this way, ain't it? Why, I just get a pick-up breakfast and lunch, and then I let my men friends take me out to dinner. I've always boarded, but I guess I'll like this better. There were three of us boarded together last winter, all artists, on Twenty-third Street—that's the street; a fire and a run-away every day—but we quarreled about a man, of course, and I left. I can't quarrel about anybody, man or woman. I've got to have peace. Life's too short to fight in. If I don't get on with a person or she with me, why, part; there's plenty more, I say—as good fish, you know."



"SHE GOT HER FRUGAL DINNER IN THE CHAFING-DISH, WHICH HAD BEEN JIM'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

fingers. It was very pretty and very dramatic, and the girl sobbed. She thought of herself as the poor, neglected rose, and Jim—well, the simile was not very apt, but enough so to increase her loneliness and despair, which the woman had lightened for a moment.

The latter looked at her curiously—the curiosity with which one gazes at a soul passing through one's own dead experiences.

"You need something hot," she said, after a moment's scrutiny, and disappeared.

She was gone a long time, long enough for the girl to recover and enjoy the lassitude which comes after tears. She had time, too, to study the room, which the woman's personality had

prevented before. There was a luxuriance of color, a barbaric taste for the unusual, which in her hostess's dress revolted, but in her apartment charmed as only the bizarre charms. It was an artist's room, even without the tools of the trade which bespoke the workshop. How lonely and bare her own little room seemed in comparison. No wonder she was quiet and still, and the woman full of life and fun. Was the person the reflex of the room, or the room of the person? And the girl lost herself in this psychological problem until the woman reappeared with two steaming glasses, one of which she placed on a little table and drew to the girl's side.

There was a long straw in the mixture and a bit of lemon. It was deep-colored and exhaled a strange perfume.

"What is it?" the girl asked, curiously.

"Oh, some stuff Reynolds brought me. He says its 1850. I think men like to believe their liquors old and their sweethearts young, and are deceived as often in one as the other. It's good, though. It'll warm the cockles of your heart. You would grow up in ignorance that you had cockles to your heart were it not for stuff like this." And the woman laughed, the strident, harsh laugh which had disgusted the girl a few days ago. It did not disgust her now. Custom had softened it to her willing ears.

Three o'clock! The girl jumped up with a start. She had been there four hours. She could not recall when she had been awake and dressed at that time. She said good-bye to the woman and crept stealthily down the corridor. She carried with her the remembrance of the woman lying among the bright-colored cushions on the Turkish divan, with a cigarette between her lips, and a smile, half satirical, half sleepy, in her eyes.

The girl did not sleep at once. She heard the clock strike four and then five. She thought of what she had told the woman—the confidences concerning her narrow life and Jim. She wondered if she had done wisely. Then she recalled that the woman had been strangely reserved about herself, but had told her a great deal of the world in the midst of which she had lived so long and known so slightly. Was it true what the woman said of men? Were they what she believed them? No; it could not be. The girl shuddered, then thought of Jim, and slept.

After this there was seldom a day that the woman and the girl did not meet. Sometimes it would be in the corridor for a passing word; sometimes they would breakfast together; sometimes the woman would run in for a few moments at nightfall, just before dinner. She went out a great deal to dinner, to the theatre, and to a club of which she was a member, very Bohemian and very gay. On Jim's nights the girl, mindful of what he had said about keeping the woman away from him, would run in there for a few seconds, to hurry back as the hour of his arrival approached.

The woman brought many of her little "fixings" in to brighten the girl's room. "I have more than I need," she said, graciously, and the girl accepted them gladly. Jim also was pleased, and remarked, "This looks something like," at which the girl's heart bounded gladly. She often sang at her work now, and even whistled, a bird-like whistle, with a quaint little music of its own. She was less dependent on Jim's caprices and changes of mood. The woman was always cheerful and bright, and when disappointment and loneliness overpowered her the woman was a refuge from herself.

She had been out with her once, but the experiment was never repeated. The woman came in one evening and dragged her away in spite of her protests, in spite of her timidity and fear of Jim's anger. "It's no use, you know," the woman said, laughing shrilly at the girl's fear; "we were disappointed at the



"LYING BACK AMONG THE BRIGHT-COLORED CUSHIONS ON THE TURKISH DIVAN, WITH A CIGARETTE BETWEEN HER LIPS."

last minute and I have promised you for substitute. I can't take care of two men—one's my limit."

"But Jim—" and the girl hesitated.

"You don't mean to say you would tell Jim," and the woman laughed still louder. "Well, you are innocent. What Jim don't know won't keep him awake."

So the girl yielded, but did not enjoy her wrong-doing. The men were familiar in their manner and their jokes were unsavory, and the champagne made the woman laugh aloud and draw all eyes their way, while it made her own head ache. And the woman said to her afterward, in her frank, good-natured way: "You were a failure. You were stupid and shy and innocent, and the men did not know how to get on with you. You're a delicate flower and should be kept in seclusion." The girl admitted it all, breathing a sigh of relief at the promised freedom from similar experiences.

One afternoon the woman was working in the girl's room. The girl was away at her class and the woman had dragged the easel to the window and was putting a few touches on the newly-finished canvas. She had done this many times lately to the girl's pictures, touching them up so artistically that the girl herself was deceived. "I couldn't paint such pictures," the woman said to herself, "but I know what they lack. The finishing touch is the all. Genius is nothing without its bonnet-strings. They lack life and they won't sell for that reason. Men like life, and it is men who buy pictures." So she put a dash here and a touch there, brought out this point into the deepened light and strengthened a shadow now and then.

The girl had sold two or three of these hybrid pictures, and had told the woman that the dealer had told her she was improving. She even showed her the handful of new money and asked her advice about spending it.

"Pay your bills," the woman said, "then you'll improve. Scott's Emulsion is all very well, but there is nothing that will produce good, healthy fat so quickly as paid bills." So the girl paid her rent, and the doctor, and one or two other accounts which had distressed her for a long time. The woman did not hint at the hand she had herself taken in her success. She did not dare. She could not destroy her illusions. Her art and Jim were all she had, she had once said to the woman, with a touching belief in her two clay idols.

A visitor rapped, and then, as if impatient of delay, opened the door and stepped inside. The woman had not heard him. She was too busy putting a touch of yellow in the autumn leaves. He stepped lightly across the floor, thinking to surprise her, and believing, in the half-light, that she was the girl.

His nearness warned her. She looked up and their eyes met and held each other a minute only, but long enough for them to read a few chapters of unwritten history.

She spoke first. "So it is you, Jim. I wondered how long it would be before we met." Then she went on painting.

He glanced at the November scene, looking over her shoulder to do so, and resting his hand on her bouffant sleeve. She did not notice the familiarity of the gesture, or, if she did, pretended not to do so.

"It is you who has been fixing up her pictures? I thought something was different, some way. She's sold more in the last three months than in all the rest of her life."

"You won't tell?" And the woman looked up appealing and coquettish.

"Tell?" and the hand pressed more heavily. "Tell's a woman's word. Men don't tell."

The woman released herself from his touch on the pretext of putting away the brushes; then, pushing the easel back in the corner, she stood up facing him.

"By Jove!" and the man's glance was suggestive and unmistakable, "you're a beauty; she never told me that."

The woman laughed—her shrill, grating laugh. "Perhaps she don't think so. There must be one subject on which you disagree."

Something in her face allured. He stepped toward her, but she, with a quick gesture, retreated, a retreat provocative of pursuit.

They laughed in unison—a laugh which died away as the girl entered.

(To be concluded.)

When Mary Winds the Clock.

WHEN sash and door are fastened tight,
The fire banked down with ashes white,
And every pot and pan set right,

Then whirr-r-r,

The weights go up with buzz and burr,
As Mary winds the clock at night.

A cozy sound, a charming sight,
There in the corner's dusky light—
The grave old clock, the maiden slight,

As whirr-r-r,

The weights go up with buzz and burr,
When Mary winds the clock at night.

Each day my darling, in God's sight,
Keeps home and hearth and spirit bright,
Redeeming every moment's flight.

Then whirr-r-r,

The weights go up with buzz and burr,
As Mary winds the clock at night.

Oh, dear, old-fashioned, pure delight
Of love to ancient uses plight—
Home-keeping in a cottage white,

Where whirr-r-r,

The weights go up with buzz and burr,
As Mary winds the clock at night!

JAMES BUCKHAM.



Malcolm Fraser

"THE WOMAN WAS WORKING IN THE GIRL'S ROOM."

Some Oracular Experiences.

It has been remarked that nothing is sacred to the American. Taking this for granted in a too universal way has been the mistake of certain writers who have recently been trying to bring ridicule and discredit upon the "Answers to Correspondents" of the Sunday newspaper. The American, no doubt, likes to choose his own gods, but, once chosen, he reverences them. Speaking from the experience of more than three years' incumbency of a newspaper tripod, the present writer can aver that the weekly column of responses is truly sacred in the eyes of many thousands of free citizens inhabiting the southern and western-central regions of this great country, as well as a source of amusement to other thousands of the same. If any reasonable person can read the following review of some thirty questions sent to the oracle of a great journal, and remain unconvinced of the public utility of the institution, then let the oracle fall. The selected thirty were selected during the early month of the incumbency; after that the presiding genius wearied of culling such rarities, finding by later oracular experience that many were not rarities at all, but, on the contrary, fair types of the rural correspondent's mental yearnings.

To begin with our first parents, here is an inquiry neatly done with a typewriter and dated from an Indiana town of some importance: "What color was Adam and Eve and what language did they speak?" This might suggest a correspondent "of color," ambitious to elevate the Hamitic race with Adam and Eve for a fulcrum, but it is really only a good example of the Bible-history question. Another inquirer in the same line supplies a "Non de Plun," to be used instead of his name in the weekly column, and asks, "is there any part of the pillar of salt that Lot's wife turned to what was the shape?" A third, from the evergreen "A Constant Reader," was fraught with sad indications that our poor, dear friend had been unfavorably affected in his mind by over-constancy of reading. "Please let me know," his letter runs, "how electricity can be drawn out of an Electric Wire. I had a so-called Russian Hebrew Electric Wire, which is a piece of Electric Wire with Electricity running through it, brought on my head by an evil Russian Hebrew. Now I love to find out, if this Electricity cannot be drawn or abstracted from the head, as it is the greatest tribulation on the Earth, as you have those evil Russian Hebrews constantly at your head, namely by speaking secretly to you through this Electric Wire System. Could you refer me to somebody that knows something about the Electric Wire System, namely weather it is possibly to abstract Electricity from a human head?"

The handwriting of this victim of Russian Hebrew electricity is immeasurably better than his spelling or his skill with capitals, but these, again, are several degrees better than in the case of another, apparently sane, and deeply earnest inquirer, who asks, "Should a sinner Brother a minister of the Gospel, also should a Minister of the Gospel Brother or sister a Sinner," and leaves out the interrogation point.

This correspondent evidently takes the oracle in all seriousness as a final arbiter of ethics. Less churchy, but equally serious in her anxious propriety, is the Tennessean who writes, "Will you please give me the address of a nice modest Opera troupe?" On the other hand, the writer of the following seems moved by mere contentiousness: "A said it was not proper to visit the picture Nana which is on exhibition on — ave. Be said it was no harm for a lady to visit such paintings so please answer and Excuse writing as I am no scholar." But as an instance of implicit faith in the newspaper oracle's infallibility on all that may concern the correspondent's personal welfare, as well temporal as spiritual, among the most notable is the letter from Alabama in which the writer plainly states that he has left a wife in Kentucky and desires to know what he is to do about it: "Please inform me what to do. I was married at —, Ky., in 1878 and lived with my wife until 1884 and then we parted. . . . Have I got to get a divorce from her or does the time give me one?" From the writing of "Parted" with a capital it may be inferred that the separation of more than ten years meant much to the self-bereaved husband, and yet the context seems to show that the "divorce" is the thing. Divorce is, indeed, a subject of not infrequent inquiry, the oracle being apparently regarded in Kansas, Alabama, and Texas as an economical substitute for the ordinary confidential legal adviser. Most of the divorce questions, however, are from deserted wives, and among the minority of male inquirers on the subject nearly all have been prompted by a spirit of mere curiosity.

Crosses and bewilderments in the course of love and the chase of wealth are very common occasions of appeals for wise counsel. Here is one who has misgivings, it seems, and typewrites: "My sweetheart and I wish very much to marry, but owing to our ages, both our parents seriously object. She suggested that we give our parents the 'dodge' and elope to Jeffersonville? Why that particular place?" Concealment—from "both our parents"—was not only feeding on the damask cheek of this youth, but was evidently laying the eggs of suspicion somewhere in that region. His geography was short of informing him on the peculiar advantages of Jeffersonville, just over the Indiana border, as a place of expeditious marrying, and there was something ominously resourceful in the suggestion to give the "dodge," coming from a young bride-expectant.

With clients of the oracle, the pursuit of wealth is to a great extent the pursuit of "millionairs"—a very favorite spelling. Here there is equal frankness, but, naturally enough, the diction of the inquiries is generally more concise and business-like than that of the average true-lover's question. It might interest Mr. Rockefeller and others in like unfortunate circumstances to know just how many applicants for a helping-hand have been furnished with the addresses of these "millionairs" by the various "Answers to Correspondents" departments of the newspapers. But here is an inquirer who specifies his quarry only by sex and habitat: "Please give me the name and address of a woman that is a millionheir who lives in Washington City." One writing from Mississippi, and apparently ill-informed in history, is on a much colder trail than any seeker after "millionheir" aid: "If we loaned Cotton to the late War of the Confederacy and received Bonds in Lieu for that Cotton Whenever we can get any thing from Congress." Then there are the hundreds who desire to know the names and addresses of the

officials in England, Wales, and Ireland—occasionally Germany, but never Scotland—who distribute estates to long-lost American heirs. And another, almost equally numerous, class of wealth-seekers are those who think they have found what they desire buried in their back-yards in the shape of gold ore, diamonds, or coal of some especially valuable kind. One letter in this collection contains an inclosure of lime-crystals, with an inquiry as to whether they are really diamonds; if they are, the writer offers to send the oracle several hatfuls of them, trusting him to find a market for a fair commission, to be fixed by himself.

Natural science, either with or without the prospect of commercial advantage, is, of course, a field specially productive of problems for the newspaper oracle. The questions in zoology are numerous and often surprisingly interesting. Here is one that recites how two ladies, while driving on a country-road, saw "a terrapin on the body of a straight, smooth tree, 12 or 15 feet from the ground," and proceeds, "I wish to know if it is the nature of this animal to climb trees." But a Louisiana correspondent goes deeper into the mysteries of nature: "Does a rooster crow from a natural instinct or because he wants to?"

In ethnology there is this startling question: "In what country do the natives carry babies in their boots?"—which may, however, have been intended as a trap for an unwary occupant of the tripod. Any unusual natural phenomenon always elicits appeals to the oracle, as when the appearance of a layer of black mineral dust on the newly-fallen snow in Illinois, in January, 1895, was followed by the receipt of several sample packages of this dust for analysis. This may be a natural enough inquiry for any one who has an oracle to appeal to, and it is easier to deal with than the psychology of crowing, but the next in the bundle provokes speculation as to the psychologic processes of its writer: "The United States Senate has passed a bill to finish the Nicaragua Canal, tell us if you can which way the water would run and if from the Pacific to the Atlantic would it or would it not submerge the coast of the Atlantic and drain the coast of the Pacific or vice versa."

The questions in pure mathematics are many, and, as a rule, either too easy to notice as "of general interest to the readers of the paper," or too difficult to be solved by any merely human intellect. Here are two specimens: "What would be the postage on a letter weighing 1½ oz. at the rate of 2 c. for every oz. or a fraction thereof?" and "Please publish an infallible rule for ascertaining the day of the week any event has occurred or will occur."

In history the topics range in period from the remotest, if we include under this head the Bible questions already mentioned, down to our own times. The first of the following four is a connecting link between sacred and profane: "Didene the pope of Rome write the Chatolic Bible and the apostel wrote the proticen Bible."—"Who was G. W. Washington's Debity as surveyor in Ky."—"What is queen Victory madden name—was she ever married, if so who too."—"Please publish the receipt for the white-wash with which the White House at Washington is whitewashed."

In things purely practical there is no limit to the subject-matter of appeals to the oracle. Besides being asked for methods of exterminating moles in the gardens, and superfluous hairs on the faces, of correspondents, to prescribe for strangely ailing cows at a distance, and to send prompt instructions for drying damp cellars in half a dozen different States of the Union, the oracle is expected to lay down rules for euchre-parties, to decide all kinds of knotty points in various games, and to speak *ex cathedra* upon all matters of etiquette, but especially "when a gentleman takes a young lady out buggy-riding." One envelope from Virginia contained half a yard of narrow blue ribbon, with the direction, "Make this ribbon into a King-bow, and return to—"; and another, also from Virginia, orders: "You will please write me an original speech, for to speak at the commencement at — College, on — day of May 1895. I want the subject to be the causes of failure, or the Road to Same, or anything that you think suitable to the occasion. I want a speech that it will take me a bout eight or ten minutes to Speak." This writer has the grace to offer a remittance, on receipt of the speech, of "what you charge," and the point is in strong contrast to the behavior of the many who covertly seek the oracle's aid in "missing-word" contests—the only category of things, apparently, of the existence and quality of which the oracle is generally supposed to be ignorant.

Finally, the following postal-card invokes the oracle in place of the law: "I want to kno if the State don't offer a reward for a murder if so how is it there is a D— K— down here from up about the locks in — co. he is always bragging about murdering tow negroes up ther & knocking the Sheriff down beating him in senceabel now we dont want no such criminals in our county now you can get your man by riting to the Sheriff."

Small wonder that one reverent devotee in South Carolina writes to ask concerning the responses, "Will they ever be published in bound form or not?" Taken as a whole, those answered and those not answered, the questions propounded to the newspaper oracle would make a wonderful picture of the minds, the hearts, and the moods of its great scattered crowd of devotees.

EWAN MCPHERSON.

President McKinley's System.

WHEN President McKinley announced that he would see every one who came to the White House, no matter what his business, men who knew the duties of the President of the United States, and the great strain under which he labors at all times, shook their heads and expressed a doubt of his ability to live up to his determination. They said that no man could stand such a drain on his nerves, or his muscles, or his mind. But the President seems to be holding out well under the experience. I saw him in Washington recently, and his step was as elastic, his face as full, and his figure as fleshy as it was a year ago, in Canton. He gives every promise of bearing the burden of his official duties through the four years of his term as easily as he bore the weight of the campaign last summer and fall.

Mr. McKinley is a man of system. That is the secret of his ability to accomplish much with little effort. He asserts and

classifies his work, and he gives to each branch of it only the attention it absolutely demands. He puts on others all that does not require his personal attention, and yet he does not neglect even the details of matters which concern the policy of his administration.

The President has a great knowledge of the intricate details of public affairs. This knowledge of the business of his office is a great help to the President in disposing of the matters which come before him for determination. He takes in the contents of a document at a glance, and his judgment is prompt and final. He does not stop to debate small matters, even with himself. He forms his judgment promptly and he expresses it tersely. Then he takes up the next business in hand.

Major McKinley has always been a quick worker and a methodical worker. Now that he is in the busiest office in the whole United States, his quickness and method are of inestimable advantage to him. He does not go to his desk, as Mr. Cleveland sometimes did, before breakfast. He does not make a furtive dash down stairs for a meal and return to his work again in a few minutes with his appetite only half satisfied. He does not sit up until midnight or later laboring over state papers. Instead, Mr. McKinley eats his breakfast with some deliberation between eight and nine o'clock. He disposes of what is on his desk when he first visits his office, sees all his visitors one after the other—reserving to himself the right to begin and terminate the interview—and sends them away at least satisfied with their reception. He eats luncheon with his family quietly, and has time afterward for a cigar before he returns to his desk. He takes a long walk every afternoon when the weather is fine. He eats his dinner leisurely, and sits for an hour or two afterward, an interested spectator of the recreations of his guests—he is very fond of young people—and an hour in his office between nine and ten o'clock usually closes the last of the day's business and leaves him free to return to his family or to go to bed.

G. G. B.

Mrs. McKinley's Mail.

THE President's wife duplicates in a small degree the experience of the President with correspondents. Mrs. McKinley receives every day a great many letters, and one would think from them that we were a nation of beggars. One woman writes asking Mrs. McKinley's influence for the writer's husband, who is an applicant for office. Another says that she needs money and she is sure the President's wife can spare her a few dollars. Another wants a photograph; another an autograph; but by far the greatest number of the beggars want pieces of the dress Mrs. McKinley wore at the inauguration ball. Mrs. McKinley is not tearing up her dress for the benefit of souvenir-hunters. Nor is she distributing her photographs or autographs among strangers. Mrs. McKinley's mail is handled like that of the President. It goes first to the White House clerks. They sort out the personal letters from those which are written by strangers, and the letters from strangers they open and read. Formal acknowledgments of these letters are sent, written and signed by the clerks. Mrs. McKinley seldom sees any of them. Personal letters Mrs. McKinley opens and reads. Her private correspondence she carries on as she has always done; but the White House clerks attend to what may be called her official mail.

A Monument for Key.

THE State of Maryland has made an appropriation to assist in paying for a monument to the author of "The Star-spangled Banner," Francis Scott Key. The monument is to cost fifteen thousand dollars, and the State will supply one-third of this. The remainder will be raised by five-cent subscriptions from the school-children of the country. The Key family, it is said, is not particularly pleased at this method of raising funds, and small blame to the Keys for their dislike of it. These popular subscriptions are amazingly like begging, and under all circumstances, save when there is an unstimulated expression of sentiment, undignified.



KEY MONUMENT.

As there is to be a monument, it ought by all means to be a worthy work of art. Before they go too far, the committee in charge of the Key memorial should consider the experience of the people who erected a monument to Calhoun in Charleston. This monument has been taken down after twenty years, because it was inartistic and inappropriate. If the Maryland committee carries out its present intention as to the design which it has accepted—we reproduce a photograph of the design—the people of Maryland will some day regret that the committee should have been so ill-advised. The pedestal is to be thirteen feet high, and the statue of Key nine feet. We need not point out the theatrical pose of the statue. All who have any feeling for art will understand at a glance what we mean when we express the opinion that the proposed work ought not to be completed. It is the purpose of the committee to place it on an elevation near the main entrance to Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Maryland.

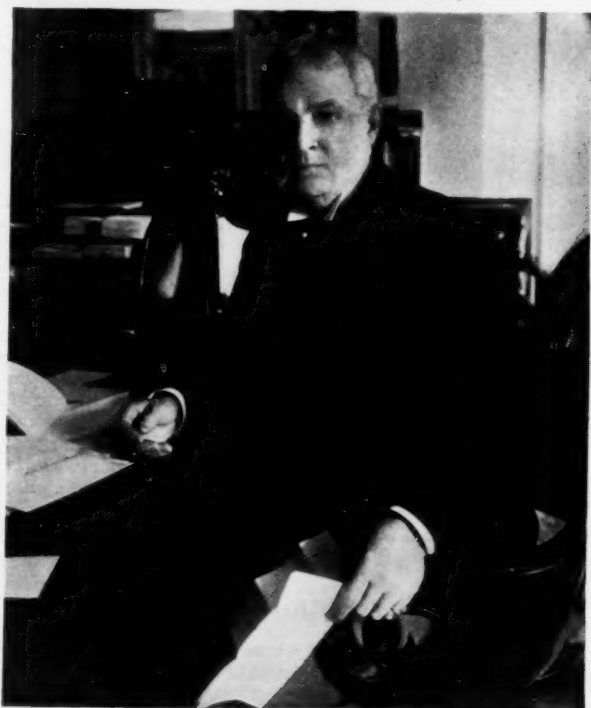
Mr. Gage.

Judge McKenna.



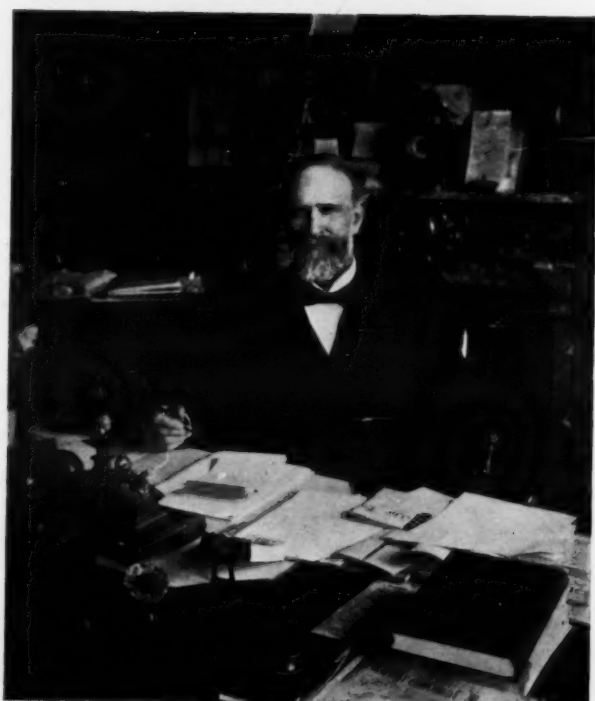
JAMES A. GARY, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

"With the help of the Post-office Department I am learning something of the vastness of the interests consigned to my care by the President. In course of time I hope to be able to contribute to its improvement and to the credit of the administration of it under President McKinley."



CORNELIUS N. BLISS, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

"I accepted the appointment to this office with the understanding that it needed a business man at its head. My brief experience convinces me that it is a business that, if properly attended to, will give its head constant exercise for all the experience and ability he can command."



JAMES WILSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

"I find myself a good deal of a greenhorn here, but I have taken hold with the belief that the Department of Agriculture can help the farmers of the United States. In that belief I expect to find ways in which to be a bit useful to the farmers and helpful to the administration."



President McKinley

Mr. Sherman.

THE CABINET IN SESSION.



LYMAN J. GAGE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

"I am gratified to find that the men who manage the delicately-related bureaus are men of excellent capacity and experience, and that they are the keys with which I must first become familiar before I can play upon this difficult instrument."



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS, MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY, SHOW THE CABINET IN SESSION AND THE PRESIDENT AND EACH MEMBER OF HIS CABINET. WORDS ARE QUOTED BENEATH THE PORTRAIT OF EACH.

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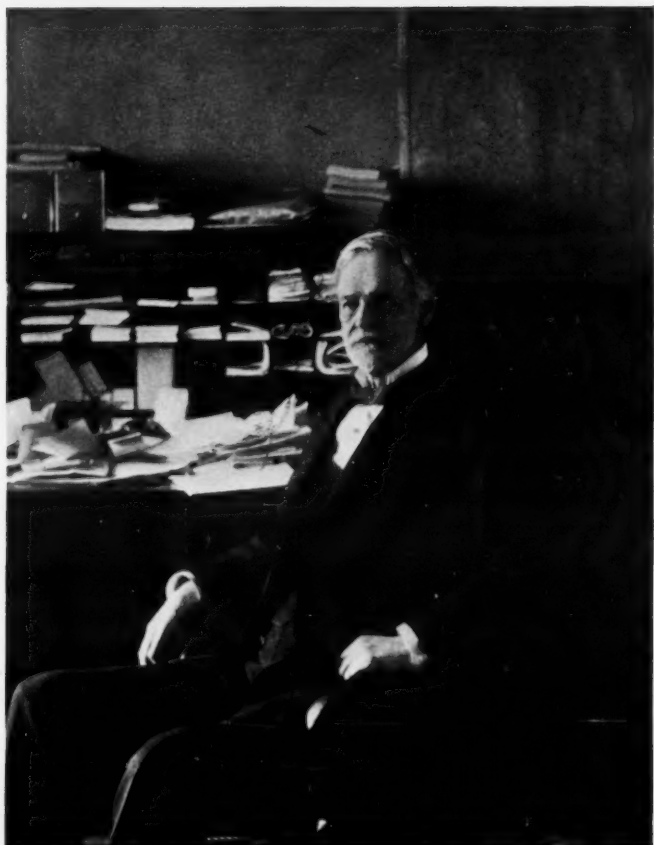
IN SESSION.

General Alger.

Mr. Gary.

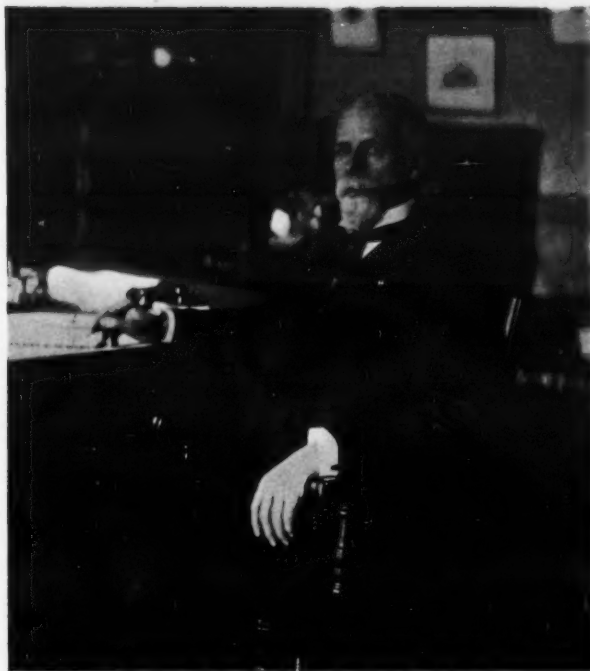


PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.



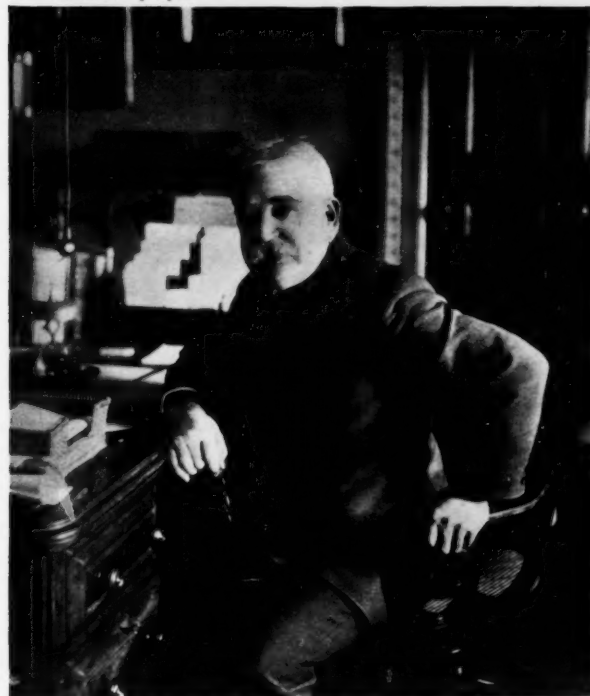
JOHN SHERMAN, SECRETARY OF STATE.

"The Secretary of State has a policy—the policy of the President of the United States—and that was made known to all in the inaugural address. To contribute to the success of that policy is my duty and my purpose."



RUSSELL A. ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

"It will be my pride to so conduct the affairs of this department that the efficiency of the army may be increased to keep step with the march of national improvement. In this undertaking I know I shall have the support of the American people."



JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

"The greatest efficiency, with economy, will be the motto of this department. This will be in keeping with the injunctions of the President; yet while economizing, there will be no neglect of preparation for any service which the navy may be called upon to perform."



JOSEPH MCKENNA, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"The Attorney-General of the United States is exempted from answering hypothetical questions; but I may say that I begin my work impressed with the belief that the administration will justify the confidence reposed in it by the people of the country."

ADMINISTRATION AT WORK.

EACH MEMBER OF HIS CABINET AT HIS OFFICE DESK. EACH MEMBER OF THE CABINET TELLS WHAT HIS FIRST IMPRESSION IS, AND HIS OWN PORTRAIT OF EACH.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY B. M. CLINEDINST, JR.



SCENE IN THE FRENCH MARKET IN NEW ORLEANS.

Picturesque New Orleans.

THE visitor to New Orleans must not expect a beautiful city, in the same sense that we of the North or West speak of beauty in a city; he must be prepared, too, for a certain lack of finish, and for wide incongruity in the matter of clean streets, wide sidewalks, unassuming character of the buildings in the business section of the city; but in return for these drawbacks he will find such a wealth of character at every step he takes that he must perforce be compensated for that which he misses.

It is in the old fortified quarter of New Orleans that the chief interest for the visitor lies. This means that section bounded by the river, Esplanade, North Rampart, and Canal streets. Along North Rampart and Esplanade, in the old French and Spanish days, ran a line of stockade forts. In fact, as late as 1794 the forts were rebuilt: Congo Square was Fort St. Joseph; at Canal and Rampart, Fort Burgundy; and at the corner of Rampart and Esplanade, Fort St. Ferdinand; while Forts St. Louis and St. Charles were on the river front.

No one ever visits New Orleans without a tour of the old French Market. Those who remember having seen the "market-sheds" in Philadelphia will understand what sort of buildings constitute this French Market. But the Quaker City sheds never presented the bustle nor the charm which the French element lends to the New Orleans markets. Not only French is heard there, but every tongue belonging to man. The correct thing to do is to rise about six on Sunday morning and, making your way to the French Market, take your breakfast there of coffee and sweet rolls; or wander on a bit farther and have madame fry you an egg over her charcoal bucket, and then hear her say "Meise-sieur!" in her creole tongue. After this loiter about and see people buying live chickens and carrying them home; and "possums" all strung up ready for "spitting" over the fire. And if you wish gumbo, buy a little paper bag of the Choctaw women, or some of their sweet bay-leaves. These women are there regularly every Sunday morning, sitting in a row as stolid as only the Indian can be; but train a kodak on them, or start out to sketch them, and the younger ones will run away, while the old crones cover their heads and faces with their shawls.

Afterward pass through Jackson Square, walled in on two sides by the Pontalba buildings; take a look at the statue of General Andrew Jackson, and pass into the old St. Louis Cathedral, sacred to the memory of Père Antoine and a host of other holy fathers, whose good deeds have lingered in undying memory. Then, if you are so minded, stroll up and down along any of the streets in that immediate neighborhood; you are in the heart of Creole-town. Turn into the quaint old archbishop's house, whose hand-made iron stair-railing and nails in the planking of the floor tell of many generations long forgot. Across the way, at the corner of Chartres and Ursuline streets, is an old, one-story stone house, with curious old Spanish tiles on the roof, which is said to be the oldest house of Spanish origin in New Orleans.

To change the current of your thoughts, leave Creole-town and reach the "levee," which is most interesting at about the

foot of Canal Street, where the majority of the "up-river" boats make their landings. November and December are the busy months; then the cotton-boats are coming down, ten thousand bales of the white staple being frequently a fair cargo, besides other boats laden to the top deck with molasses and sugar.

One night I went to the French opera. The house itself is one of the most charming play-houses I have ever visited. Upon this stage Patti, "La Diva," made her debut in Meyerbeer's "Pardon de Ploërmel," and at the outbreak of the Civil War Frezzolini was delighting the opera audiences.

The "atmosphere" of the place is unlike that of any other opera-house in our country; there is the old-time foyer, where ladies and their cavaliers lounge about between acts, and a refreshment-room adjoining, where a glass of lemonade or other light refreshments can be had, to help make a warm night endurable. At the other end of the foyer the Opera Club has its parlor; there you can have a lemonade with a great deal of "stick" in it, and smoke an "opera" cigar until the bell rings for the curtain on the next act. New Orleans is essentially a music-loving centre. It is true that the musical life there is almost wholly represented by the opera—instrumental music there is none to speak of; but whereas no other city in the Union can support opera at all, the Crescent City has done so for over seventy-five years, and a gala-night at the opera is not surpassed in beautiful women, handsome toilets, and intelligent appreciation of the music, by an audience gathered in our largest Eastern cities.

I observe the gradual, but sure, disintegration of the French element, not only in New Orleans, but in the whole State of Louisiana. The English language is superseding the Gallic tongue everywhere. The schools, courts, and largest business houses use nothing else; another generation and French will be looked upon as a graceful accomplishment only.

Much has been said about New Orleans restaurants; the Café de la Louisiane is by far the best, but by comparison with ours of the first class, West or East, it is not better than third-rate. In all of them you meet the sanded floor, heavy china, and coarse table service identical with the *café bourgeois* in Paris. Of hotels New Orleans has none worthy of the name. What is nominally her best is so bad that it defies competition; in addition to which it permits a pool-room as an adjunct to its bar. Think of it! One amusing survival in the restaurants—for almost without exception they are kept by French people—is the pet dog of madame who presides over *la caisse*; he wanders about just as he does in Paris, and gets fat and lazy on the largesse of the patrons of the place.

Of the glories of the hospitality of New Orleans and her people one could write a book; it is as broad and as deep and as overwhelming as the current of the mighty river rushing by on its way to the gulf.

H. P. M.

Mademoiselle de Wolska, Mystic.

THE *intime* friend and traveling companion of Emma Calvé on her present professional tour in this country is Mademoiselle de Wolska, a Polish lady of distinguished attainments and individuality, whose portrait we are permitted to present herewith. She is the daughter of Count de Wolska, the exiled Polish patriot whose anti-Semitic book on the Russian Jew was a

literary sensation of Paris a few years since. It is well known that Calvé is an occultist in matters pertaining to religious and spiritual life. Her friend

is of the same persuasion, only more so. Mademoiselle de Wolska is not merely a theosophist: her professed beliefs may be said to begin where theosophy ends. With her, miracles are simply laws of nature misunderstood. The impossible is a matter of frequent occurrence, and mysteries seek her out. She habitually communicates with departed or distant friends by means of telepathy, or thought-transference through space, without material mediumship. In her



MADemoisELLE DE WOLSKA.

mind, there is not the slightest doubt that the planet Mars is inhabited, and that shortly we shall not only be in communication with our celestial neighbor, but that visits in the flesh will be exchanged between the Martians and ourselves of this earth.

As to mundane occupation, Mademoiselle de Wolska has interested herself in improving the condition of the children of the Breton fishermen, many of whom are driven by privation to seek their fortune—too often to find their ruin—in domestic service or as artists' models in Paris. Mademoiselle de Wolska proposes to build a home for these children in a picturesque corner of Brittany, a glimpse of which is given in the accompanying photographic view. The site was "revealed" to her in a characteristic way. She dreamed of such a place, before the project had taken shape in her mind, and before she had ever visited the Breton coast. Later, coming upon the spot by chance, she recognized it instantly as the site which had been so vividly impressed upon her memory's vision in the dream.



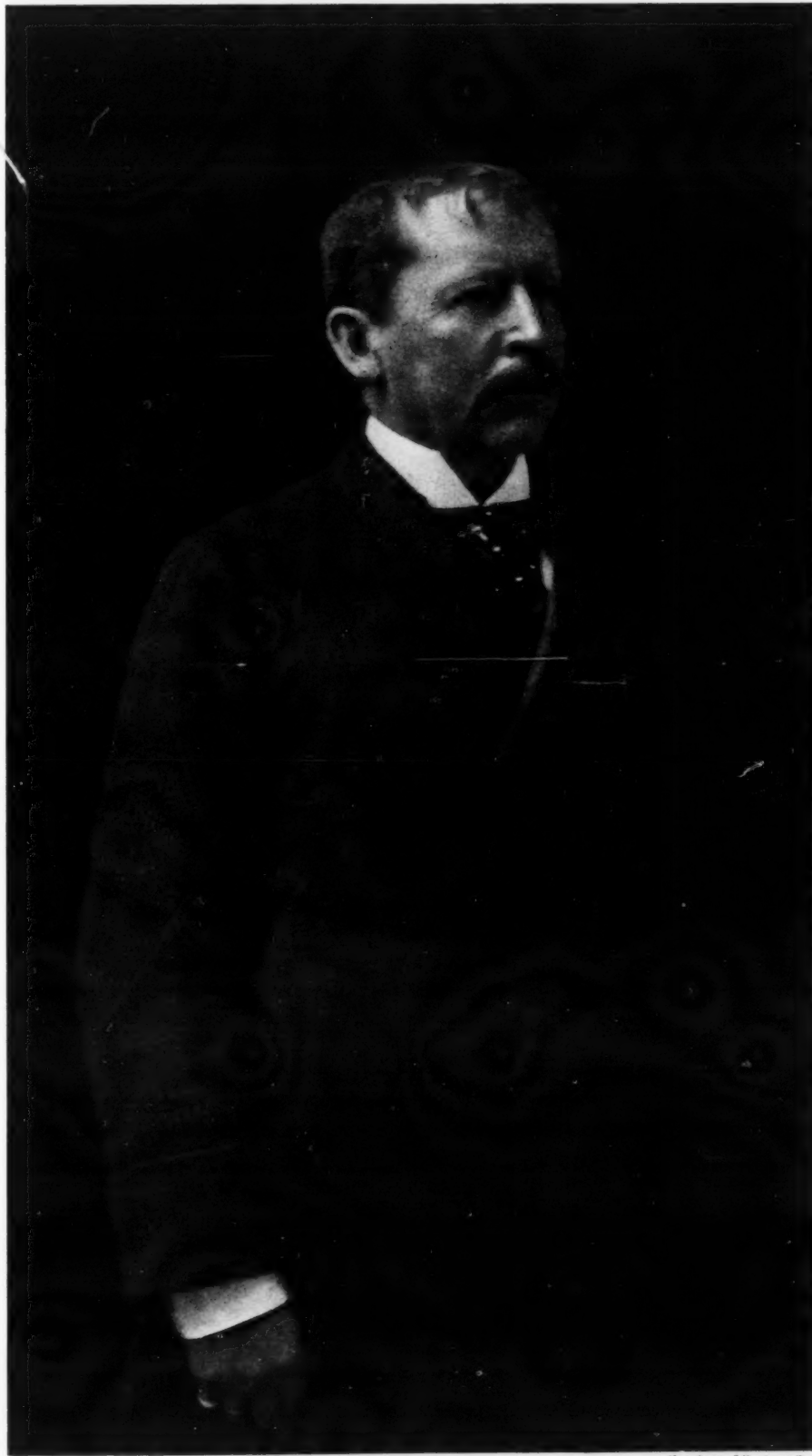
ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY.

T. B. Aldrich, Poet and Wit.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH has two separate and distinct reputations, besides that of having been born lucky. He is known to the public as a poet and *littérateur*; and then there is his personal and mainly private reputation, among a wide circle of acquaintances, as a wit. Mr. W. D. Howells, his friend and predecessor in the editorial chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*, said of him lately: "He is a wonderfully fascinating talker, and is not only a poet of high merit, but a man with the keenest appreciation for humor. His conversation is always brilliant, and I have sometimes felt that he was the wittiest man I ever knew."

But a man's wit is as intangible, for the purposes of "write-up," as a woman's beauty.

One literary personage, who enjoys the distinction of knowing Aldrich well, was begged for a few crumbs of wit that might casually have fallen from the table of the rich men's *causerie*.



MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
Photograph by Cox.

"Good friend, for friendship's sake forbear
To publish what is gossip'd here."

There is no great indiscretion, however, in recalling that when Aldrich was entertained by the Tile Club, and called upon for a speech, he began by saying, diffidently: "Why am I selected for this paralyzing honor? I have little or nothing in common with you horny-handed sons of tile."

Speaking of another club, membership in which meant little more than paying dues and participating, at long intervals, in a kind of combined business meeting and cold supper, he inquired, plaintively, "Why pay thirty dollars for a salad?"

Aldrich and Howells were both editorially associated with *Every Saturday*, a Boston eclectic magazine published by Mr. Osgood in the early 'seventies. After its demise, when the editors and the publisher chanced to meet, Aldrich affected to see restraint and embarrassment in the latter's manner, and said: "It seems so unnatural for him not to be paying us a salary!"

About this time the *North American Review*, apparently affected in material bulk by the fluctuations of literary fortune, shrank from its once portly size to an alarming thinness of less than half an inch. "Why," exclaimed Aldrich, "it looks as if Destiny had sat upon it!"

Witticisms are generally at somebody's expense, and many of them, from the point of view of human kindness, were better left unsaid. This reflection happily does not apply to the characteristic scintillations of Mr. Aldrich; yet one saying of his has a self-accusing tone, as well as a gentle philosophy: "People often complain that they think of things afterwards, which they wish they hadn't said at the psychological moment. That is not the case with me. I always say the things, and then afterwards wish I hadn't."

Perhaps the severest test of a man's wit or humor is in his susceptibility to a joke when it is "on" himself. A playful cyclone once blew down the chimney of Aldrich's house at Ponkapog, causing quite a serious wreck. The first friend to whom he related his misfortune listened with a broad grin, another burst into roars of laughter, a third shrieked and rolled on the floor. To his disgust, everybody seemed to think the destruction of the poet's property irresistibly funny, and he could not for the life of him understand why.

An odd experience came to Mr. Aldrich through his editorship of a certain New England literary magazine, which we will disguise by calling it the *Arctic*. A young woman of Boston, who to-day has a high reputation in literature, sent poem after poem to the *Arctic*, and was as regularly declined with thanks. At last,

roused to resentment by what seemed to her the persistent unfairness of the editor, the rejected one planned a novel but rash revenge. She constructed a poem in close imitation of Aldrich's manner and sentiment, signed his name to it, and sent it to a Boston newspaper, in which it promptly appeared. Aldrich saw the verses, so signed, and was dumfounded; for they seemed even to him to be his own, and yet he had not the faintest recollection of having written them. When he found out the truth of the matter he determined to leave that young woman severely alone—she still continued sending verses to the *Arctic*—and began returning her manuscripts marked "Unread." But she was resolved to get into the *Arctic*, nevertheless. Accordingly, she induced an influential friend—who, the legend saith, was no less a personage than the late Dr. T. W. Parsons—to convey to Mr. Aldrich her apology, and another poem. The editor was prevailed upon to accept both, and subsequently "made friends" with the invincible sister of the Muse. The joke, in this case, was on Mr. Aldrich, and it must be acknowledged that he took it rather gracefully.

The portrait which accompanies these rambling notes is the authorized photograph by Cox, of New York, and was taken six years ago. That would make Mr. Aldrich fifty-five years old at the time—if the *Century Magazine* is correct in giving 1836 as the year of his birth—but he does not look it. His juvenile appearance, in fact, is a matter of common remark among his friends, and he explains it as being "a habit acquired in early youth."

HENRY TYRRELL.

German Hospitality.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, March 15th, 1897.—Push and progress characterize Berlin to-day, and in no branch of trade is it more noticeable than among its hoteliers. It is a fight for supremacy, and the fittest only will survive. How superior, when compared to England's hotel life, are the comforts and advantages of the *Central Hotel*, for instance. It will compare most favorably with the Cecil, of London, and in many respects it is superior to the latter, yet the rates here are fully fifty per cent. less. At this great German hostelry you will find a genial atmosphere peculiar to sympathetic Germany only, and an absence of bullying, and particularly that sharp practice which besets American tourists in English hotels.

At the sumptuous *Central Hotel*, for instance, the American particularly finds himself at home. The lobby reminds us of the Imperial, in New York, and its grand parlor is a feature of rare comfort and artistic arrangement. Picturesqueness and ease are its characteristic features, and while enjoying a leisure hour in the easy rockers and gilded settees we may look through the extensive windows and unto the famous *Winter-garden*, Berlin's great attraction. A fine library, with long files of late American papers, supplies the traveler's needs, while a local postman is in attendance to take charge of your mail as fast as it is finished. But the telegraph-office is also near—only a step, in the lobby, and near the American bar, fully entitled to the Stars and Stripes which are painted above its entrance.

There are still those who fancy continental hotels have many stairs and no elevators. How agreeably disappointed these will be at the *Central Hotel*. Two elevators perform uninterrupted service, and with Chicago swiftmess, as it were. Life is, indeed, made easy by the keen and observant provisions of Herr General Manager Otto, whose energy and varied experience have given an impetus to the house which has filled its halls and rooms with guests from every land. But it must be admitted, also, and in all fairness, though the comforts are really great, the scale of prices is moderate, indeed, when compared to those charged in London or Paris.

DEWEY.

A Memorial of the Revolution.

THE recent dedication of the monumental cairn shown in the accompanying picture, on Payne's Hill, at Quincy, Massachusetts, recalls an historic anecdote of the war of the Revolution. When the Colonists were fighting the battle of Bunker Hill,



COMMEMORATIVE MONUMENT ON PAYNE'S HILL,
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams (who became subsequently the second President of the United States), watched the soul-stirring scene from Payne's Hill, which is situated about ten miles from Charlestown.

New Plant that Cures

Asthma—Free.

THE New African Kola plant is Nature's botanic cure for Asthma in every form. Mr. A. C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, writes that it cured him when he could not lie down at night for fear of choking. Rev. J. L. Coombs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, testifies to his entire cure after thirty years' suffering, and many others give similar testimony. Its cures are really wonderful. If you are a sufferer we advise you to send to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who will send you a large case by mail, free, to prove its power. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it. *

"Not much!" replied the canny bookman. "I'm saving them all for the article I mean to compile myself, when Aldrich dies."

"Do you expect to survive him, with all the Scotch whisky you drink?"

"Eh, mon, but he drinks as much as I do. Besides, hasn't he just inherited a fortune?"

This same compiler once called up Aldrich on the telephone, and asked: "Do ye ken who I am, that's talking wi' ye?" "Surely," came the poet's reply; "you are Andrew Pibroch." "And hoow did ye guess that?" "Oh, by your breath."

Mr. Aldrich has been accused of the characterization of Boston as "an abandoned literary farm"; but this must be a mistake, as he still resides there, and only visits New York to be photographed, and to drop in upon his Manhattanese friends foregathered at the Players Club. The placid surface of social intercourse there is always rippled with a wake of good sayings after his departure. But, then, the motto of the Players is Edwin Booth's felicitous paraphrase of Shakespeare's epitaph:

BASKET-BALL—THE AMERICAN GIRL'S LATEST ATHLETIC GAME.



IN New York and neighborhood there are more than a dozen regularly organized basket-ball teams of girls, and at Dr. Savage's Physical Development Institute, in Fifty-ninth Street, near the Boulevard, New York City, more than a half-hundred girls are its constant patrons daily. The accompanying illustrations were taken during a recent practice game in the gymnasium of the institute.

As its name implies, the two goals of the game are hammock-nets of cord eighteen inches deep, suspended from metal rings eighteen inches in diameter (inside measurement), and placed ten feet above the ground at either end of the playing surface, which is a rectangle containing some thirty-six hundred square feet.

The baskets are held in position by supports extending six inches from a flat perpendicular and rigid surface at least six by four feet. The object of the game, of course, is to pocket the ball, one team endeavoring to throw into one basket, their opponents into the other.

According to the rules, teams for match games shall consist of five players, unless otherwise agreed upon. But with the entire surface of a large gymnasium at hand, or a good bit of ground in the open, ten or more players may play on a side without mixing things up or interfering with the proper running of the game.

Where teams of five play, the two "forwards" station themselves near their opponents' basket, in the endeavor either to

catch the ball whenever it fails to go into the basket, and either try themselves to throw it in, or pass it out to "centre" for a try. These forwards are usually medium-sized and of great quickness of foot and judgment, while the "centre," the most important individual on the team, stands near the centre of the floor and is expected to catch high balls, receive the ball when tossed up by the referee, shoot for field-goals, and make clever passes to the forwards for tries.

The two guards, whose station is by their own basket, defend it as best they can from the assaults of the opposing two forwards and centre.

The referee, who, as in foot-ball, is judge of the ball, deciding when it is in play, to whom it belongs, and when a goal is made, starts proceedings by blowing a whistle, which means "Play ball." He then tosses the ball—a leather-covered sphere thirty inches in circumference—up in such a manner that it will drop near the centre of the field.

It must be first touched by one of the centres, who shall have

been previously indicated to the umpire. Violation of this rule constitutes a foul.

The umpires (there are two of them) judge the actions of individuals, calling all fouls and disqualifying players in strict accordance with the letter and the spirit of the rules.

The game then proceeds in some such manner as this: The centre on team "A" having sprung high in air on the toss of the ball by the referee, very deftly catches it; then, on the instant she comes to earth she dodges her opponent, at the same time passing the ball to a forward, who, having caught it on the run, immediately stops running and either tries to throw a goal or pass the ball to her partner forward.

Then an opposing guard gets the sphere and with lightning quickness throws it nearly the length of the playing-ground, and in a twinkling the scene of battle changes, the players dancing, running, dodging, and passing the ball with dazzling brilliancy of execution. Finally, the ball lands in a basket and stays there. This means two points for the throwing side, and



A "HELD" BALL—PLAY STOPPED BY REFEREE.

the game proceeds by the act of the referee in throwing up the ball at centre.

The match game consists of two halves of twenty minutes each, with a rest of ten minutes between halves, and the team scoring the greater number of baskets in the forty minutes of play wins the game.

The game is rendered particularly clean by the rules, which provide penalties for many improper acts, such as (1) striking the ball with the fist; (2) kicking it; (3) carrying ball while in bounds; (4) holding ball with anything except hands; (5) carrying ball out of bounds; (6) holding, striking, tripping, pushing, or shouldering an opponent; (7) rough play generally; (8) interfering with a free throw; (9) addressing officials by any player not captain; (10) intentionally delaying game; (11) remarks about officials by players.

When a foul has been made the opposite side gets a free throw for the basket at a distance of fifteen feet from a point on the floor directly beneath the centre of the basket, measured towards the opponents' goal. While a foul is called for such unnecessary rough play as striking an opponent, a second offense of this kind means disqualification.

Then, too, the mere fact that only captains can have a word to say to the officials renders the game free from distressing arguments. This may be very hard on the girls, but it prevents quarreling.

W. T. BULL.



PUTTING BALL IN PLAY AFTER "HELD" BALL—THE REFEREE TOSSES BALL UP AS AT START OF GAME AND AFTER EACH BASKET.



A FREE THROW FOR THE BASKET—THE PENALTY FOR A FOUL COMMITTED BY OPPONENTS.

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TO BE WISE WE MUST KNOW; TO KNOW WE MUST ASK.



WE take things as we find them as a rule, and for many reasons it is a blessing that we cannot see the cook who brews the broth. So long as the broth is of the proper flavor and consistence it matters little to the average epicure whether the cook is plain or beautiful, or has a wholesome regard for the rules of cleanliness which are supposed to be in effect in all culinary departments.

Never mind—it is soup, and down it goes! The same is true of our beverages—and even our medicines. Sublime confidence presides at every feast, and follows us to the resulting sick-bed.

There are many people in all walks of life who never stop to ask questions. They accept everything as a matter of fact, and never wonder why it is so. For instance, there are hundreds of thousands who know the flavor and the power of, say, Londonderry Lithia to control disease, who never gave a thought to anything connected with it. They drink it because they like it, or because it is good for them. They never ask why it is good for them: "The doctor said so," and that ended it. There is another class who always wish to know more about matters that come to their attention. Many who use spring waters go to the springs because formerly that was the only way by which to obtain the different waters in their original strength and purity. This habit has developed so many hotels and sanitariums in the immediate vicinity of springs that an unexpected danger has arisen in the contamination of the soil, which is, to a greater or less extent, inevitable, and hence a suggestion of the danger that water reaching the springs through this soil may not be pure. The art of bottling water so that it may not lose any of its value medicinally or take on any impurity in the process is the outgrowth of the same study and watchful care that have refused to listen to any proposition for the erection of any hotel, boarding-house, or private residence within a radius of nearly a mile of the Londonderry Lithia Springs. So this latter class may not go to the Londonderry Springs to drink the water, but the Spring may go to them, carrying in its original purity all its marvelous richness in the peculiar elements found to exist alone in its native soil. They are too busy to watch the water as it bubbles from its niche in the solid rock, to wander through the maze of delicate machinery employed in rushing the water into bottles, into wrappers, into cases and into cars, at the rate of from two to five car-loads per day, but they can pause for a moment and examine a few facts regarding it.

McClure's for January contained a very complete article upon Londonderry and its uses, from which we quote as extensively as space will permit:

"We import waters and use them, thinking perhaps that they must be better because they are imported, while at our own doors, within easy reach, are the self-same beneficial and curative agents in rich copiousness."

It then proceeds to give interesting facts about the famous Londonderry, New Hampshire, Spring, which is creating such havoc among both the foreign and domestic water trade. A few facts which explain why such signal success has crowned the efforts of the company owning this Spring may not be uninteresting.

Years and years ago, fighting General John Stark, whose home, with that of "Mollie," was near the Spring, discovered that his rheumatism was benefited by the water. Later on Horace Greeley, who spent a part of his youth in the old town of Londonderry, was led to look upon the water as most potent for the ills of mankind. So it comes to pass that for more than a century this water has been doing curative work, proving itself especially effective in battling against rheumatism, gout, gravel and Bright's disease, as well as other forms of kidney difficulties. One result of this record is that a very great amount of expert interest has been aroused, and there have followed learned discussions such as very few other curative agents have succeeded in evoking. There have also flowed into the company controlling the Londonderry Springs a constant volume of valuable testimonials.

In 1887 the present owners assumed management of this Spring. It had been well known throughout New England for many years. They went to the physicians with claims, substantially, that this was the strongest and best natural lithia water.

They published an analysis by the late Professor Halvorson in proof of their claim.

Soon after this, in June, 1887, Dr. A. C. Peale, in charge of the mineral water department in United States Geological Survey, read a paper upon the classification of American Mineral Waters before the American Climatological Association in Baltimore, in which, after deprecating the habit of calling waters which only showed a trace of lithia "lithia water," he said:

"There is a fashion in mineral waters as in most other things. Sulpho-carbonated waters promise to come to the front in the near future, and at the present time lithia waters occupy a prominent place.

"I know of but one lithia water, however, in which the analysis shows enough lithia proportionately to entitle it to a distinct and separate place on every scheme of classification; that one is from the Londonderry Lithia Springs, of New Hampshire."

Two years later, 1889, Professor J. F. Babcock, Boston's foremost chemist, was invited by some physicians to visit the Springs, examine their surroundings, and report upon the probable permanency of the Spring. He wrote as follows:

"This water is entitled to the confidence of the public, and especially of that class who suffer from the diseases for which it is claimed to be a specific, and it will maintain its position among the best waters of its class, both in this country and Europe."

About this time Dr. Satterlee, of New York, himself a professor of chemistry, published a work upon "Gout and Rheumatism," in which he gave Londonderry the compliment of a special analysis. In this book no other American water of its kind was mentioned, while this water was specially commended.

From that to the present time medical books, medical writers, the most eminent clinicians, including the great Da Costa, have indorsed and prescribed the water.

The company have recently requested Professor G. Ogden Doremus to analyze the water, in order to determine whether or not it still retains its old-time characteristics: "Approximately the same as shown by analyses made several years ago"—says the eminent professor.

The company court the fullest investigation at all times, believing that in this way only can they retain their great popularity with the physicians and the public.

Is it well to ask questions? Our reply is still in the affirmative.

It is good to know what ails one when illness makes itself disagreeably apparent. It is about half the battle of the cure to know the nature of the affliction; then you know where to strike to get in a blow below the belt of your enemy. Doctors are now substantially agreed that an excess of uric acid in the blood is productive of many disorders, some of which are of a very serious nature, and not infrequently lead to death. This condition the doctors call lithemia, and one of them discourses upon its symptoms and manifestations as follows:

"If it be true that Americans are a nation of 'nervous prostrates,' then common indeed is lithemia. Take, for instance, insomnia, a condition far from rare in city life, so frequently made worse by hypnotics, so quickly relieved when once the true cause is recognized—a sleeplessness due to derangement of the liver, producing lithemia. Then again megrim so very common, is quickly relieved by the same agents as were so useful in insomnia, when the cause is rightly understood as simply a lithemic crisis. Neuralgic pains, so annoying when due to an excess of uric acid; muscular rheumatism, a manifestation of lithemia; gravel, and the painful urethritis, so often an accompaniment; and general pruritis, so often due to an excess of uric acid. Oftentimes palpitation and irregularity of rhythm of the heart are produced by the state of the blood; also the minor symptoms of disturbed action of the heart, such as giddiness and dimness of vision. The mal-products of digestion are positive depressant poison, hence lithemic patients present themselves as woeful objects; they are in dread of apoplexy, or are sure they are developing paresis, or they are insufferable cranks. The functions of the liver and kidneys are very closely related; so that what starts as a mere functional disorder of the liver will in time, if not checked, end in organic disease of the kidneys."

What about this uric acid that is such a bane to humans, plaguing them so without provocation, and playing havoc with their happiness? It even threatens their lives on occasions, and will not be content to play its legitimate rôle unless it is subdued by Londonderry water—drowned into a condition of proper subserviency, as it were. We must go to some high authority to get information about this malevolent influence that invades our blood; so here is what Dr. Thomas E. Satterthwaite, late Professor of Clinical Medicine in the New York Post-Graduate Medical College and Hospital, the eminent specialist, has to say:

"In cases of rheumatism, whether articular or muscular, I recommend

my patients to make free use of the Londonderry Lithia Water, and regard it as the best water that is to be obtained for such cases."

This is also the opinion of G. Frank Lydston, M.D., of Chicago, who is known to every American physician as the eminent Professor of Genito-urinary Diseases in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of that city:

"I take great pleasure in indorsing the claims of the Londonderry Lithia Water. It is, in my opinion, the best of the natural waters as an anti-lithic—as a remedy in calculous affections and the uric-acid diathesis. I have used it largely in my practice, in which I meet with numerous cases requiring such waters. I have used it with excellent results in my own person. Personally I find the non-carbonated water to be preferred."

That fixes the one fact you wanted settled—this water works where there is uric acid. We could quote enough scientific proof of this to fill this paper. We now go farther and prove by the highest authority that what is true of Londonderry is not true of concoctions gotten up to imitate it. This is another argument in favor of asking questions. If you call for Londonderry, ask if it is genuine—look at the well-known brand.

Now we have led you along till your curiosity is aroused and you wish to know more about this great water, and we cannot do better than quote from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* to show the every-day work it is doing, it being impossible to obtain any testimonials for publication from the company:

"Advice of a Chicago physician to a gentleman who came from Peoria with his daughter for treatment in a Chicago hospital for a severe rheumatism: 'Take your daughter home, give her all the Londonderry Lithia Water she will drink and no medicine, and in a little time she will be entirely well. This is all the treatment required in nine tenths of the cases of rheumatism met in this hospital.' Thus spoke a wise physician, and his advice is echoed by one-half the profession to-day."

Nothing in the history of mineral waters has so stirred up the medical faculty. There seems to be a subtle something in it which is beyond the reach of chemists that adapts it exactly to the use of man in the cure of rheumatism, and in this mystery dwells its fascination. It is the most common thing imaginable to meet in one's daily rounds men of business who can relate many instances where it has wrought very strange cures.

Not long since a reporter met a business man on Madison Street, who related that he had decided to go to Hot Springs for a chronic rheumatism. He took Londonderry Lithia by the advice of a doctor, and in a fortnight was entirely cured.

It is, and should be, a source of satisfaction to the doctors that they can suggest a simple and at the same time effective remedy for this most perplexing and almost universal malady. It is also a delight to the patient to be ordered to use such a palatable medicine. This fact explains in part the unparalleled success of the water. The patient will take it faithfully, and after once beginning, being sure to note a relief from pain in a short time, pursues the treatment with religious zeal.

A reporter called upon one of the best-known physicians for some theory by which to explain some of these rapid cures. The doctor, while admitting that there was no remedy known to the profession which gave promise of any considerable success, would not venture an opinion upon the working curative force in this celebrated water. "Nature's ways are so subtle," said the informant, "that it were mockery to try to fathom them. I ask a chemist to analyze that water and bring me the same thing compounded in his laboratory. I try it—bosh! I get no such results as I get from the original. Why? Simply because the chemist is deceived. He gets a few ingredients, but there are some added in the great laboratory of nature which he knows not how to detect."

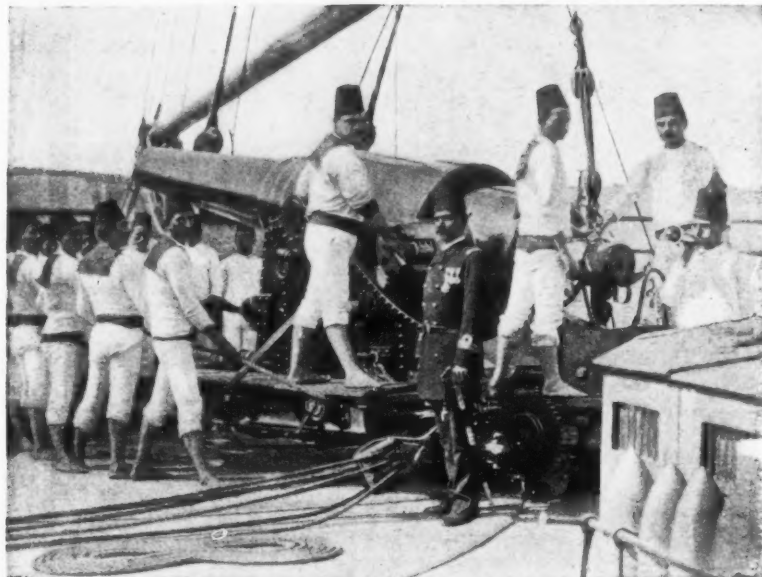
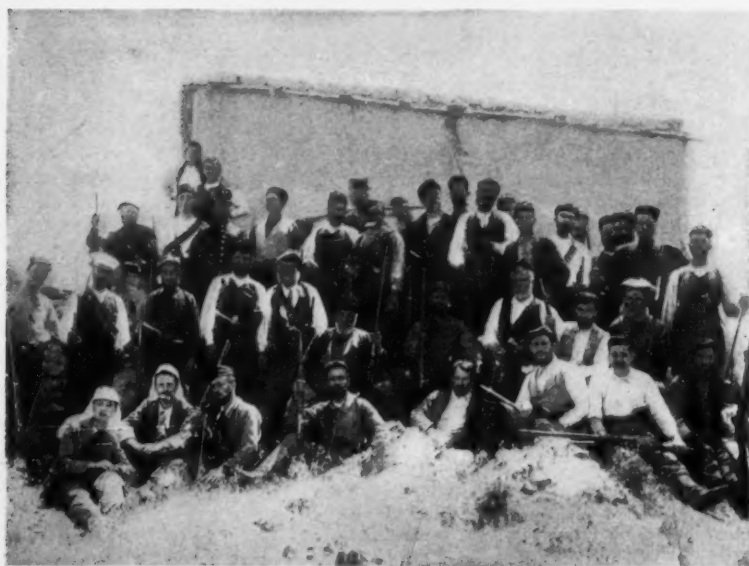
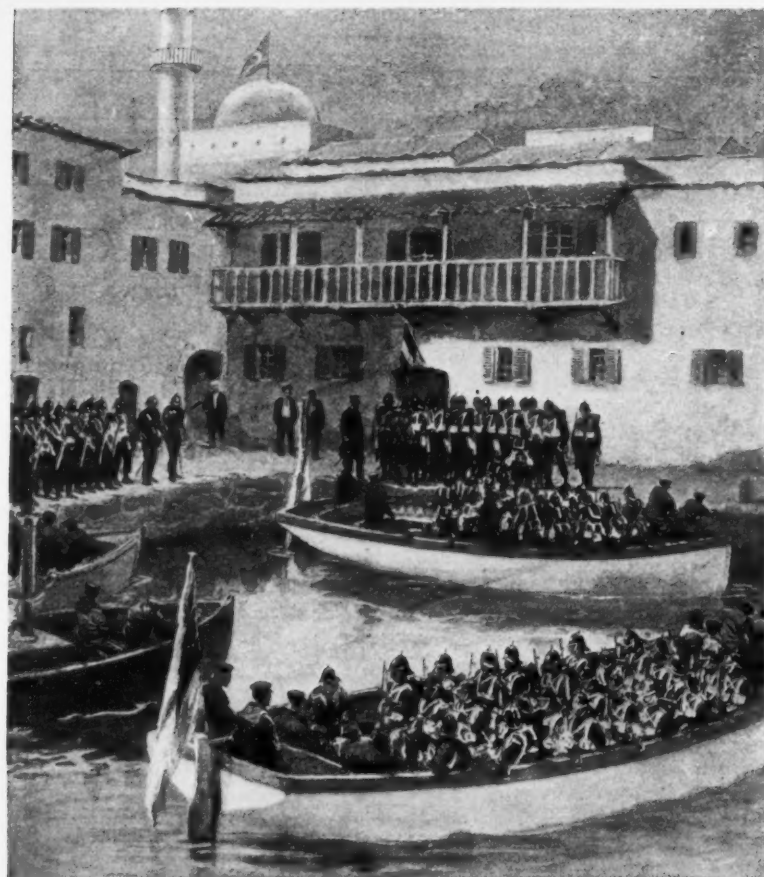
"But as no one either knows the disease in its essence or the precise methods of Londonderry Lithia Water, it may be as well to simply admit the fact and spend one's time reasoning upon a more promising subject."

Of course this article is simply a defense of the habit of asking questions—satisfying your curiosity, as it were. If this curiosity has led you to the end of this article and you thirst for more knowledge, or the water itself, too—are they not to be found with the company at its great establishment in Nashua, New Hampshire?

SELAH.



LONDONDERRY SPRING.

BRITISH MARINES AT CANEA.—*London Graphic.*ON BOARD THE IMPERIAL TURKISH IRONCLAD "MAHMOUDIÉ."
Le Monde Illustré.THE OCCUPATION OF CANEA—FLAGS OF THE GREAT POWERS RAISED ON THE BATTLEMENTS.—*London Graphic.*A CONTINGENT OF CRETAN INSURGENTS.—*Illustrated London News.*LANDING OF BRITISH MARINES AT CANEA.—*London Graphic.*
With the assent of the Turkish authorities Canea was occupied by detachments from the foreign war-ships, consisting of 100 British, 100 Russians, 100 French, 100 Italians, and 50 Austrians.

THE CRISIS IN CRETE, ILLUSTRATED BY THE EUROPEAN PRESS.

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Enervation,
Fatigue,
Thin Blood,
Anaemia,
Exhaustion,
Lack of Vitality,
Weakness,
Nervousness,
Sleeplessness and
Slow Recovery from a
Winter's Sickness

make people feel, as is aptly said; "under the weather."

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THE "BEST" TONIC,

is a powerful vitalizing builder, strengthener and sleep restorer. It adds energy to the heart and blood, fills one with life and brings back the fugitive health. It is indeed the best tonic for spring ills.

I feel just happy enough to give you my best compliments on your Tonic. My wife has been suffering from loss of appetite for the past six months. I have employed some of the best doctors of the State, but never helped her. My wife felt nearly broke down—she thought there was no cure for her. February 27 we purchased one dozen of your "Best" Tonic, and when my wife tried the first bottle, in half an hour she forgot all about her lost appetite and ran for a lunch. She has used now six bottles and is constantly improving. Kindly send me two dozen bottles more. I will recommend your remedy to every sufferer of this kind.—M. Lewinson, Harrison, Mich.

At Druggists, 25c.

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It would be idle to attempt to prove the popularity of the Sohmer Piano. Every child in the United States and Canada knows the Sohmer.

VACATION DAYS.

In the lake regions of Wisconsin, northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days," giving a description of the principal resorts and a list of summer hotels and boarding-houses and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

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Use Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American tonic.

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If you have tried Dobbins's Floating-Borax Soap you have decided to use it all the time. If you haven't tried it, you owe it to yourself to do so. Your grocer has it, or will get it. Be sure that wrappers are printed in red.

A COMBINATION of beverage and tonic. Improves drinking water—helps digestion. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists and dealers.

Free to Every Man.

THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience. I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 529 Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

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Tour No. 2.—Same as No. 1, except omitting Alaska.

Tour No. 3.—Chicago, Kansas City, Santa Fe, Salt Lake City, Glenwood Springs, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, Denver, etc.

Each trip embraces a complete round of the California resorts, including San Diego, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Monterey, Santa Cruz, San José, Lick Observatory, San Rafael, San Francisco, etc. The Yosemite Valley is optional. The tickets allow the passengers absolute freedom of movement. There will be other tours to Alaska and the Yellowstone Park during the summer months.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 18th day of February, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision and Correction of Assessments of the following assessments in the several wards herein designated:

FIRST WARD.—CUYLER'S ALLEY, PAVING between Water and South streets. DE PEYSTER STREET, PAVING between Water and South streets. BURLINGSLIP AND JOHN STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Pearl and South streets. GREENWICH STREET, PAVING from Battery Place to Fulton Street.

FIRST, THIRD, FIFTH, EIGHTH AND NINTH WARDS.—WEST STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS from Battery Place to Gansevoort Street.

SECOND WARD.—FLETCHER STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Pearl and South streets.

THIRD WARD.—COLLEGE PLACE, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING between Chambers and Dey streets. GREENWICH STREET, PAVING between Vesey and Barclay streets. WEST BROADWAY, FLAGGING between Vesey and Barclay streets.

SEVENTH WARD.—JACKSON SLIP, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Water and South streets. WATER STREET, SEWERS between Market Slip and Jefferson Street.

ELEVENTH AND SEVENTEENTH WARDS.—STANTON STREET, SEWER OUTLET EXTENSION, East River.

TWELFTH WARD.—BOULEVARD, FLAGGING between Ninety-sixth and One Hundred and Third streets. COLUMBUS AVENUE, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between One Hundred and Twenty-sixth and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh streets. CONVENT AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and Forty-fifth and One Hundred and Forty-sixth streets. ISHAM STREET, REGULATING, etc., from Kingsbridge Road to Tenth Avenue. JUMEL TERRACE, PAVING, etc., between One Hundred and Sixtieth and One Hundred and Sixty-second streets. MANHATTAN AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundredth and One Hundred and Third streets. MANHATTAN AVENUE, PAVING One Hundred and Sixth and One Hundred and Tenth streets. PLEASANT AVENUE, SEWER between One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Fifteenth streets. PLEASANT AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Fifteenth streets. ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE, CROSSWALK at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. SEVENTH AVENUE, CROSSWALKS at One Hundred and Eleventh Street; also at Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Eleventh Street. ELEVENTH AVENUE, SEWERS between One Hundred and Eighty-sixth and One Hundred and Eighty-seventh streets. EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive. NINETY-FIFTH STREET, FENCING east of Boulevard. NINETY-SEVENTH STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Fourth and Fifth Avenues. NINETY-EIGHTH STREET, PAVING between Lexington and Third Avenues. ONE HUNDRETH STREET, PAVING from First Avenue to East River. ONE HUNDRETH STREET, PAVING between Madison and Fourth Avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST STREET, PAVING between Lexington and Park Avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND STREET, PAVING between Central Park West and Manhattan Avenue. ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND STREET, FENCING between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND STREET, FENCING between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive. ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD STREET, FLAGGING between Columbus Avenue and the Boulevard. ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS from Columbus Avenue to Central Park West. ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., between Columbus and Manhattan avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., from the Boulevard to Riverside Avenue. ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH STREET, PAVING between Lenox and Seventh avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH STREET, FENCING between Pleasant Avenue and East River. ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to Morningside Avenue West. ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH STREET, FENCING between Park and Madison avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to Boulevard. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH STREET, PAVING from Manhattan Avenue to Morningside Avenue East. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND STREET, FENCING between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD STREET, PAVING between Twelfth Avenue and Boulevard. ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET, BASIN corner Madison Avenue. ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to the Boulevard. ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND STREET, PAVING from the Boulevard to the N. Y. Central and H. R. Railroad. ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to the Boulevard. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., from Bradhurst Avenue to Harlem River. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., from Bradhurst Avenue to Harlem River. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD STREET, CROSSWALK west side of Boulevard. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOURTH STREET, BASIN southwest corner Boulevard Lafayette. ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIFTH STREET, PAVING between Amsterdam and Edgecombe avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to Kingsbridge Road. TWELFTH AND NINETEENTH WARDS.—EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET, SEWER OUTLET, between East End Avenue and East River. SIXTEENTH WARD.—THIRTEENTH AVENUE, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Eighteenth and Twenty-third streets. EIGHTEENTH WARD.—UNION SQUARE, SEWER, west side, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets. TWENTY-THIRD STREET, SEWER OUTLET between Avenue "A" and East River. NINETEENTH WARD.—SIXTY-THIRD STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING in front of Nos. 306 and 308. SEVENTY-FIFTH STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING between First Avenue and Avenue "A." NINETEENTH AND TWENTY-SECOND WARDS.—SIXTH AVENUE, CROSSWALKS north side of Forty-fourth Street. TWENTIETH WARD.—THIRTEENTH AVENUE, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth streets. TWENTY-FIRST WARD.—TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING from First Avenue to East River. TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, PAVING between First Avenue and East River. THIRTIETH STREET, BASIN southeast corner of Second Avenue. TWENTY-SECOND WARD.—FIFTY-FOURTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., from Tenth Avenue to Hudson River. SEVENTY-SEVENTH, EIGHTY-SECOND AND EIGHTY-THIRD STREETS, BASINS at Riverside Avenue. EIGHTY-THIRD STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING between Boulevard and West End Avenue. EIGHTY-FIFTH STREET, PAVING from Boulevard to Amsterdam Avenue. COLUMBUS AVENUE, FLAGGING between Eighty-first and Eighty-second streets. TWENTY-THIRD WARD.—BUNGAY STREET, OUTLET SEWER, WITH BRANCHES. TINTON AVENUE, SEWER, WITH BRANCHES. ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, PAVING, etc., between Lincoln and Willis avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH STREET, SEWER OUTLET from Harlem River to Mott Avenue. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD STREET, FENCING southeast corner of Morris Avenue. ONE HUNDRED AND SIX-

LEGAL NOTICES.

TIETH STREET, FENCING southwest corner of Railroad Avenue West. ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH STREET, PAVING, etc., from Boston Road to Trinity Avenue. ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, SEWER between Tinton and Forest avenues. ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH AND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH STREETS, FENCING between Brook and Willis avenues. ELTON AVENUE, PAVING from One Hundred and Fifty-third Street to Brook Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, February 25, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 5th day of March, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets in the respective wards herein designated:

TWELFTH WARD.—ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIRST STREET, from Eleventh Avenue to the Boulevard.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD.—ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THIRD STREET, from Webster Avenue to Third Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, March 5th, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 15th day of March, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets in the

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD.—One Hundred and Seventy-second Street, from the Southern Boulevard to the Bronx River; One Hundred and Seventy-third Street, from the Southern Boulevard to West Farms Road.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, March 15th, 1897.

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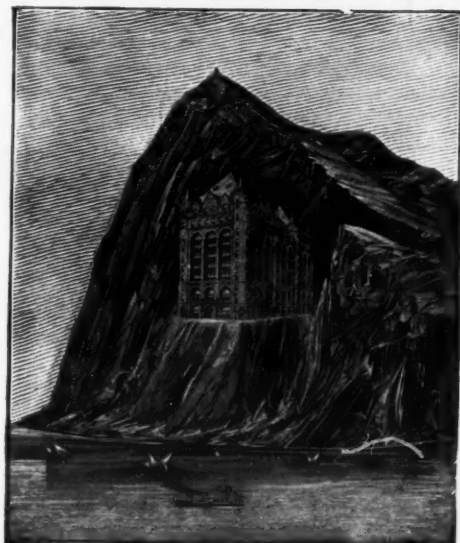
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Assets,
\$19,541,827

Income,
\$14,158,445

Surplus,
\$4,034,116

Insurance in force,
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Surplus, .. .	1,449,057	4,034,116	2,585,059
Income, .. .	6,703,631	14,158,445	7,454,813
Insurance in force, .. .	157,560,342	320,453,483	162,893,141
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